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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE RUSSO-GERMAN TREATY

ACCORDING to 'a man who was on the spot and knows what he is talking about,' the London *Outlook* says, most of the diplomatists at the Genoa Conference were pleased rather than otherwise when the Russo-German Treaty was so suddenly sprung upon them. 'It meant the discomfiture of the French, whose manœuvres since the beginning of the Conference have been consistently obstructive.' According to this observer, 'France's Shylock-like insistence upon her pound of flesh has grown irksome'; the throwing-together of Russia and Germany was 'inherent in the logic of the situation'; and the sensation that the announcement of the Treaty produced impressed people on the ground as largely manufactured.

However, this opinion is hardly supported by the attitude of the British press, which for the most part reflected indignation as well as surprise at this sudden dénouement. The *Morning Post*, which is inclined to be shrewdly fanciful about events and persons it dislikes, asserts that the Russians contemplated three possible combinations: a Russo-German, a Russo-German-British, and a Russo-French. The last was to be secured through the mediation of the Angora Government, with whom both Moscow and Paris now have agreements. Radek was said to support this scheme; but it was promptly squelched by Poincaré's emphatic opposition. Thereupon the Bolsheviki, after appraising the situation on the ground in Genoa, 'decided to plump for Germany.'

While the French press was outspoken in condemning the Treaty, there was a tone of restraint in the comments of the more responsible journals, apparently due to a feeling that immediate developments might be extremely serious. Even before the signing of this treaty was announced, *Le Temps*, after characterizing the Conference as 'a war in which the first phase of active operations has just been concluded,' added:—

> In less than a week, the Bolsheviki have won three great victories over the Entente, commanded by Lloyd George himself: First of all, they have been admitted to the Conference on an equal footing with the other delegations, which is equivalent to the official recognition of their government. In exchange for this, they have not yielded any ground whatsoever; all their pretensions remain intact, and they have not committed themselves to a single political or financial engagement. Last of all, and this is their most decisive success, the fate of the Conference now depends upon the attitude of the Moscow Government.

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On the other hand, the German press seemed to regard the conclusion of the Treaty quite in the way of ordinary business. *Kölnische Zeitung* printed a Berlin dispatch concerning the sensation produced by this incident abroad, asserting: —

> This attitude, which is affected for the sake of influencing public sentiment, may prevent a businesslike and rational study of the Treaty itself. . . . The actual contents of the Treaty, in the opinion of Germany, are nothing to become excited about. The Treaty is quite independent of the Genoa Conference; the draft has been ready in Berlin for eight weeks, and its provisions have been generally known by well-informed people.

According to this report, the Treaty would have been signed earlier, had the Russian negotiators not been recalled to Moscow to attend the last Communist Party Congress. The Genoa Conference afforded the first convenient opportunity to conclude negotiations that had long been under way.

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CHINA'S TROUBLED POLITICS

At present writing, two of China's military leaders are fighting for supremacy under the walls of Peking. We shall print an article next week by a British authority describing these leaders and some of the secret forces that are behind them. Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian chief, is alleged to represent Japanese interests, and his initiative in the present campaign may be part of the 'comeback' staged by Japanese militarists after their partial defeat at the Washington Conference. Rumor has it that Sun Yat-sen, who found refuge in Japan in the early days of his career as a political agitator, is also secretly supporting that country. This would be a natural sentiment, perhaps, because 'the enemy' in South China is Great Britain, with her powerful stronghold at Hongkong, rather than Japan. Indeed, the secret instigation of the recent seamen's strike at the latter port, so detrimental to all shipping in the Far East except that of Japan, is supposed in some quarters to be associated with the network of Japanese intrigue covering her neighboring republic. Whether or not such rumors are true, and regardless of the extent to which such secret plotting against China's peace may be conducted with the knowledge and encouragement of home governments, foreign influences seem to be responsible in no slight degree for the present unhappy occurrences in that country.

A translation from the *Shun Pao*, appearing in the *North China Daily News*, contains the following information with regard to the alleged alliance between Mukden and Canton: —

> The *Shun Pao* declares that news has been received by the Peking Government to the effect that the treaty concluded between General Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden War Lord, and the Southern Government will be put into effect during the coming summer months. The main objects of the agreement are the overthrow of the Peking President, Hsu Shih-chang, and General Wu Pei-fu. The terms include the following: —
>
> Dr. Sun Yat-sen shall be recognized as President of the Chinese Republic, with General Tuan Chi-jui, former Premier, as Vice-President.
>
> The President will have offices in Wuchang, and General Tuan will have his in Peking.
>
> When Hsu Shih-chang and Wu Pei-fu have been defeated, President Sun will go abroad in his official capacity, with a large sum of money, visit the various countries, and offer China's official greetings to the heads of those countries. During his absence, General Tuan Chi-jui will act as president.
>
> Generals Chang Tso-lin and Tsao Kun shall have equal power and shall not fight for or assume higher posts.
>
> Canton is willing to sacrifice the old Par-

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liament, but demands that the Constitution shall be observed.

Self-government shall be provided for in each province.

The present tuchuns shall be appointed Civil Governors.

These are the fundamental terms, but there may be several changes made later.

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SPANISH SYMPATHY FOR SANTO DOMINGO

OUR occupation of Santo Domingo is the cause of growing protest in the Spanish-American, and to a less extent in the Spanish, press. A contributor to *La Vanguardia*, of Barcelona, discusses with moderation and good temper what he considers the abuses of our régime, and concludes that these impose a threefold duty upon Spaniards: —

In the first place, as fellow men we cannot turn a deaf ear to the supplication of any people unjustly oppressed. In the second place, the scholars and writers of Santo Domingo look to us as peculiarly their friends and allies in their present day of trial. Last of all, the North American aggression is directed against our own flesh and blood — against a culture and a sentiment that spring from our own loins.

Rarely has fortune given Spain such an opportunity to perform an act worthy of her history, her dignity, and her traditions. By joining our protests to those of the people of Santo Domingo, we shall be applying in practice the theory of our common brotherhood with the Spanish-Americans. There is no better test of blood community than such standing together in hours of trial. Let us not neglect this sacred duty. May we show the citizens of Santo Domingo, of that beautiful land where Spanish civilization first blossomed in the New World, that our hearts beat in rhythm with their own, that we share their suffering and join their protest.

The author of an article in *España Nueva*, a democratic weekly published in Havana, is more vehement and specific in his charges. He recites, with dates and details, a series of enormities alleged to have been committed by American soldiers, quite as revolting, if true, as any atrocities charged to the Germans in Belgium during the excitement of war, or to the Cossacks and terrorists of Russia during the recent fighting in that country. Whether or not these charges can be substantiated, this campaign of criticism and condemnation can hardly fail to lower the moral prestige of the United States among the Spanish-speaking peoples of both hemispheres.

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A RECENT IMPRESSION OF THE RED ARMY

THEODORE SCHOLL, Director of the East European Institute, of the University of Breslau, who has just returned from Moscow, thus describes, in *Vossische Zeitung*, his impression of the Bolshevist troops garrisoned in that city: —

The Moscow garrison ranks high in discipline and military training. We must not forget, however, that it consists almost entirely of picked troops, and includes the cadets of several military academies. Troops in country garrisons may not make so favorable an impression. The men are well clothed, almost entirely in English uniforms captured from Wrangel's and Denikin's forces. Their footwear consists of substantial laced boots and putties; they wear a pointed cloth helmet with a large red star.

Their arms consist, as previously, of Russian third-line rifles with permanently fixed bayonets. The army seems to have an abundance of good leather; every rifle is provided with a solid leather strap.

The Moscow field-batteries are composed of modern guns with recoil cylinders and protective shields. The weakest part in the equipment of both the artillery and cavalry is their horses. Russia has compulsory universal service. Two years are required at the colors. Many influential people are urging that this period be lengthened to three years.

The military academies have about the same curriculum that they had in the days

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of the Tsar. The artillery schools give excellent scientific preparation. In addition to strictly military subjects, modern languages, history, and geography are taught. All these institutions are administered by officers of the old Imperial Army, including distinguished members of the former General Staff.

The strength of the Red Army is officially stated to be a million and a half men. Private reports make it both larger and smaller. In an emergency, five million men can be mobilized. A skeleton organization to accommodate them, with a full corps of officers, is already in existence.

Every Red Guardist receives regular training, not only as a soldier, but also as a citizen. He is compelled to learn to read and write. According to official reports, which were confirmed by private inquiry, there are no longer any illiterates in the Red Army.

Although these forces are but indifferently equipped, they constitute a fighting machine that is not to be despised.

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'TALKING RUBBISH'

J. M. KEYNES, author of *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, writes to the *Manchester Guardian* from Genoa that the discussion of debts and Reparations with Russia has degenerated into a ridiculous capping of impossible figures with still more impossible figures that mean nothing whatever in an ordinary business sense. He says: —

We are pressing Russia to repeat words, without much caring whether or not they represent sincere intentions, just as we successfully pressed Germany to repeat words which certainly did not represent sincere intentions. . . . We are not asking Russia to pay her debts now. Everyone agrees that would be absurd. We only ask her to 'recognize' them. We act as high priests, not debt collectors. The heretics must repeat our creed. It is a religious ceremony we are demanding here at Genoa. When Chicherin has reverenced Mammon with cheap words, then we are ready to discuss with him more serious business. . . . There is just about as much likelihood of Russia paying her theoretical liabilities as of France paying hers, or of Germany paying hers. And everyone knows it.

Mr. Keynes fancies that Chicherin objects to this harmless and unmeaning ceremony because the people of Russia are so behind the times that they might take the matter seriously.

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A GENOA SNAPSHOT

A SPECIAL correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* thus describes the assembling of the delegates on the historical first day of the Conference: —

It was a moment of intense interest when the Bolshevist Delegation entered the palatial hall in Palazzo San Giorgio. . . . As in a well-constructed drama, the less important actors first came upon the stage, followed by the great men of yesterday and to-morrow, the new generation of statesmen. Lloyd George, the soul of the Congress, entered last — no, not quite the last. A moment after the applause that had greeted his arrival died down, the figures of Chicherin, Joffe, Krassin, and Litvinov appeared at the entrance. It was for them that the assembled throng was waiting. Seating themselves at one of the interior tables directly opposite Lloyd George, they suggested slightly the accused in a great state trial. Immediately behind them sat some twenty 'experts.'

Let me say here, by way of parenthesis, that the true character of this Bolshevist procession disclosed itself at once in these attendants. The centre of interest was not Krassin or Chicherin, the representatives of great Russia. They were well-clad gentlemen like the other delegates. But the men who sat behind them were real Bolsheviki — there sat, more or less imperfectly disguised in Western garb, the real protagonists of the Revolution.

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LENIN'S HEALTH

GEORG CLEINOW, the representative of the Hugo Stinnes press in Moscow, wrote from that city to the *Deutsche*

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Allgemeine Zeitung, late in March, that the rumors of Lenin's ill health are greatly exaggerated.

What is really the matter with Lenin? He is in a sense worn out — has had a collapse, as we say. This is hardly surprising, in view of his constant excitement and uninterrupted physical and mental labor of the past five years — and the disappointments and disillusionments that have followed. After he succeeded in getting his new economic policy accepted, he had a nervous breakdown that has prevented him from devoting himself to public business to the extent his tremendous energy and activity encouraged him to do. Putting the situation concretely: instead of working fourteen to sixteen hours a day, Lenin now works eight or ten hours. He described his condition frankly three weeks ago to the metal workers. . . . The fact that Lenin did not go to Genoa has nothing to do with his health. It would have benefited him physically to have had a change of air and scene such as a trip to Genoa would have afforded. The Communist Party forbade his going because the members feared for his personal safety.

AN EXILED PROFESSOR

On March 26 Professor Nicolai, who became famous through his book upon the Biology of War, and made a romantic escape from Germany in an airplane during hostilities, recently left his native country for the Argentine, where he has accepted a call from the University of Cordova. Germany thus loses one of her most eminent biologists because he chances also to be a convinced pacifist. He tried to induce his fellow scholars and scientists to protest against the famous manifesto issued by ninety-three German intellectuals soon after the outbreak of the war. Only Einstein, the distinguished physicist, and Professor Foerster supported him in this effort, and it failed. The history of his persecution during the war is a well-known story in Germany. After the Revolution, it might have been expected that his sane foresight and his courageous protest against the mistaken policies of his Government would have received recognition. But when he attempted to resume his lectures at Berlin University, — in medicine, a most unpolitical subject, — the Junker students not only refused to attend, but broke up the sessions by riotous disturbances. He thereupon appealed to the Rector and Senate of the University for support and protection. The Senate refused him its endorsement and support, and his fellow scientists in Germany would not stand by him. Like Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster of Munich, and Professor Valentin of Freiburg, he found himself virtually driven from his profession, and therefore has had to seek employment abroad.

THE COST OF AN ENGINEERING EDUCATION IN GERMANY

A technical student contributes an article to *Vossische Zeitung* upon the present cost of an engineering education. Germany's technical schools have been crowded since the war. Before entering such an institution, the student should spend one year as a workman in an engineering plant. For the privilege of thus working as a preparatory student for an engineering course, he is required to pay a fee to his employer. This fee is usually 1000 marks for the year. His workman's clothing will cost at least an equal sum, making the total 2000 marks, exclusive of board, lodging, and general expenses. When the student has completed his 'practical experience year' and is admitted to a technical school, the cost of his books, drafting instruments, and tuition for the first year amounts to a minimum of 3700 marks, the cost of tuition alone being 1400 marks. The

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second and third year of his course require for tuition, books, and other school expenses, 5200 marks. During the fourth or final year his school expenses will be somewhat less, perhaps 2000 marks. Altogether the cost for a five-year engineering course, including the one year spent in shop work, is between 13,000 and 14,000 marks, in addition to board, lodging, clothing, and miscellaneous expenses. As a set-off, the student can usually find shop employment at the same wages as an ordinary workman during his vacations.

These figures would seem very low converted into American money. However, estimated upon a basis of local wages, salaries, and cost of living, they represent for a German student the equivalent of about $1200 or $1500 in the United States.

MINOR NOTES

JAPANESE investments in Manchuria are steadily growing. According to the latest figures, reporting conditions at the end of February, seven hundred and eighty Japanese companies are engaged in business in that province. They have an aggregated capital equivalent to $478,000,000, of which over 50 per cent is paid up. The South Manchurian Railway accounts for more than half of this sum. Mercantile and manufacturing enterprises have about $55,000,000 invested in this territory. Comparatively little capital has found its way into agricultural, timber, and mining enterprises.

POLAND'S new budget, according to the London *Economist*, marks an important step forward toward reform of the financial administration. For the first time, it was presented at the beginning of the year, instead of at the end of the session, when it had only historical and theoretical value. The percentage of the Government's expenditures devoted to the army has declined from 50 per cent in 1920 to less than 26 per cent in 1922; and though the budget closes with a deficit of 133 billion Polish marks, all but 20 billions of this sum is due to reproductive expenditures, for constructing railways, office buildings, and the like. Poland's per capita tax has declined from the equivalent of $6 in 1913 to $1.40 in 1921. The country's foreign debt amounts to $283,000,000, of which over $184,000,000, or approximately 66 per cent, are owed to the United States.

AN agitation has begun in France for the repeal of the sales tax, which has not corresponded to expectations in regard to revenue, and has proved exceedingly unpopular with the rank and file of the people. There has been proposed in place of this and other 'nuisance taxes' a single tax on business enterprises, based on the system of a fixed payment and free from all vexatious control. While these proposals have not yet advanced beyond the point of general discussion, the demand for a simplification of taxes, and for levying them upon the profits instead of the volume of business transactions, is apparently supported by a large and growing section of public opinion.

THE recent elections in Rumania resulted in a victory for the Liberal Party, which has attained a two-thirds majority in both houses. Bratianu, the leader of this party, is himself a banker and promises to place the budget on a new basis. The Liberals also intend to abolish by degrees the present unpopular government control of trade and industry, and to take steps toward restoring the value of the currency, which, like that of most of the belligerent countries, has depreciated sadly since the war.

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THE PRESENT STATUS OF EGYPT

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From *La Revue de Paris, April* 1
(Independent Political and Literary Semi-Monthly)

On March 15, 1922, Egypt became an independent and sovereign state. England notified the Powers that her protectorate was terminated. Marshal Allenby presented himself at the palace in Cairo to offer his congratulations to the new King of Egypt, Fuad I.

It was on December 18, 1914, that England proclaimed her protectorate over Egypt. Notices posted on the walls of the principal cities and printed in the newspapers informed the inhabitants of that country of the British Government's action. The following day another notice was published, announcing that the Khedive, Abbas II, had been deposed and his powers conferred upon Hussein Kamel, with the title of Sultan. This seemed to settle the Egyptian question, at least for those who believed in an Allied victory. When that victory was won, the American Government recognized the British protectorate, on April 22, 1919, and the Governments that signed the Treaty of Versailles did the same in Article 147 of that document.

However, violent outbreaks of a revolutionary character occurred in both Lower and Upper Egypt. In the principal cities bloody riots followed in rapid succession. Railways were torn up; school children, university students, railway employees, taxicab drivers, and government officials went on strike. Trains ceased to run, postal and telegraph service was interrupted, and manufacturing establishments shut down. A nation that the world had hitherto regarded as docile and passive, and that had just submitted with exemplary patience to the restrictions imposed by the authorities during the war, suddenly showed itself a unit in its readiness to sacrifice everything for independence.

This patriotic fury not only disdained danger, but endowed the Egyptian people with a gift for organization, a spirit of discipline, and a persistence, that astonished and disconcerted the officials whose measure had provoked the explosion. Even members of the native Cabinet and leaders of the Nationalist Party were surprised at the force they had unchained, a force that drove them onward toward a goal they had not contemplated. Soon they found themselves following instead of leading, and their efforts were directed toward guiding and checking popular agitation instead of stimulating it.

Immediately after the Armistice, Rushdi Pasha, at that time Prime Minister, recalling the promises made him when the protectorate was proclaimed, demanded that the Constitution, which had been suspended since the beginning of the war, be restored, that the authority of the legislative assembly be extended, and that the control exercised by the English advisers over the Cabinet be relaxed. Probably the Egyptian public would have been satisfied had these demands been granted. Rushdi Pasha has related in a note that has since received some publicity the reception accorded his proposals. The adviser of the High Commissioner replied with a report in

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which he proposed the erection, side by side with the Egyptian Assembly, or rather superior to it, of a sort of senate composed of native cabinet officers, their British advisers, and delegates representing the foreign colonies in Egypt. This new body was to have legislative power.

Thereupon the Egyptian Cabinet decided to send two of its members to London, to treat directly with the British Ministry. When permission to do this was refused, the Cabinet resigned, on March 1, 1919. Immediately afterward, four of the principal leaders, whose passports had been refused a few weeks previously, were deported to Malta.

Thereupon the people rebelled, and the High Commissioner, summoned hastily from Paris, was forced to liberate these four leaders in order to appease the populace, and furthermore, to permit them and other delegates chosen by the Nationalists to leave for Europe. These Commissioners were sent to plead at Paris, at London, and even in the United States the cause of Egyptian independence, which the people were now a unit in demanding.

Late in 1919 the British Government decided to send to Egypt a mission of which the Colonial Minister, Lord Milner, was president. This mission was directed to investigate the causes of the recent disorders in Egypt and to report upon the situation of the country. It was also to recommend a permanent constitution that would ensure the peace and prosperity of Egypt, the gradual introduction of self-government, and the protection of foreign interests.

The Milner Mission was received with very bad grace. The new Premier, Mohammed Said Pasha, resigned as soon as he learned of its appointment. Political strikes occurred. Most of the natives refused to have anything to do with the Mission, and the few who did appear before it usually did so in order to demand independence as the first basis for future discussion. However, the members of the Mission did not permit themselves to be discouraged. They drafted an important proposal for reorganizing the judiciary, and presented an interesting report that was published the following February.

In August 1920, the Egyptian Delegation already mentioned, having been refused a hearing by the Allied Powers, decided to confer with the Milner Mission. The result of these conferences was a preliminary agreement embodied in a Memorandum, laying down broad bases for a future Egyptian settlement. This Memorandum stipulated that Egypt should become a constitutional monarchy endowed with representative institutions, conferred upon England power to protect her special interests, and specified the guaranties to be given to foreign Powers in consideration of their relinquishing their rights under the Capitulations. This project would have created an alliance between Great Britain and Egypt, whereby England agreed to defend Egyptian territory, and Egypt was bound, in case of war, to render England loyal aid within her own frontiers, including the free use of her ports, her aviation fields, and her railways and waterways. Great Britain's right was recognized to keep sufficient troops in Egypt to protect her imperial communications, but these garrisons were not to prejudice the authority of the Egyptian Government. The right of foreigners to organize for social and other purposes, and to have their own schools, was guaranteed; and all existing treaties and commercial agreements were to remain in force. Last of all, Egypt was to become a member of the League of Nations.

This Anglo-Egyptian compact was

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to be submitted to a constitutional assembly, and would not become valid until treaties had been concluded with the Great Powers for abolishing the Capitulations. The same assembly was to draft a new constitution, providing among other things that the Cabinet Ministers should be responsible only to Parliament.

This provisional treaty was signed, subject to the endorsement of Egyptian public opinion. Four of the delegates immediately left for that country to ascertain this opinion upon the spot. Many eminent Egyptians, Mohammedan ecclesiastics, university students (whose influence must be taken into account), nearly all of the former Cabinet officers, and more than nine tenths of the members of the Legislative Assembly endorsed it. But this approval was not unanimous. The Memorandum was violently criticized, and the president of the Delegation rather encouraged this attitude by submitting it as the best thing that could be obtained. It contained no allusion to the British protectorate, and was thought to continue that protectorate under the disguise of an alliance. Furthermore, it failed to cover several important points, including the status of the Sudan.

The qualifications and reservations thus raised caused members of the Delegation to request new conferences with the Milner Mission, which the latter refused to consider. The Mission stated that its task and that of the Egyptian delegates was finished, and that future negotiations should be conducted between the official representatives of the two countries. The British Foreign Office was engaged during the following six months arranging with the Governments, party to the Capitulations, for the abolition of consular courts. This was on the point of accomplishment, when an unexpected communication presented by the High Commissioner to the Sultan reopened all the questions in dispute. This communication, addressed by Lord Allenby to the Sultan on February 26, 1921, stated that His Majesty's Government, after a careful consideration of Lord Milner's proposals, had decided that a protectorate would not constitute a satisfactory arrangement between Egypt and Great Britain. Although His Majesty's Government had not yet reached a final decision on these proposals, it desired an exchange of views regarding them with a delegation appointed by the Sultan, in order to substitute for a protectorate a relation that, while safeguarding the special interests of Great Britain and offering sufficient guaranties to foreign Powers, would be more in harmony with the legitimate aspirations of Egypt and the Egyptian nation.

A few days after this communication was received, the provisional Ministry resigned, and on March 16, 1921, Adli Pasha was asked to form a cabinet. The following day he submitted to the Sultan the names of his ministers, including most of those who held office during the war. His programme surprised and delighted the nation by its vigor and originality. He said that the Cabinet took office, in view of the recent declaration of the British Government, with the object of perfecting an arrangement that would ensure the independence of Egypt and that would be submitted to the nation's representatives for approval. This announcement was received with tremendous enthusiasm. During the past three or four years, the word 'manifestation' has acquired a concrete meaning in Egypt. It designates long, tumultuous, but well-drilled and well-disciplined processions, marshaled by energetic leaders, that march through the streets of the large cities shouting in unison, some-

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times in Arabian, sometimes in French: 'Long live liberty!' 'Long live Egypt!' 'Down with tyranny!' and similar battle cries. During the two weeks following their appointment, the offices of the Ministers were besieged by crowds of excited Egyptians of all ages and sexes, who thus sought an outlet for their patriotic enthusiasm.

However, clouds soon darkened the horizon. The declaration of the Cabinet, to which the new Government owed much of its popularity, contained a call for assistance addressed to the Egyptian Delegation, presided over by Zaghloul Pasha. That leader, who was in Paris at the time, reached Alexandria on the fifth of April. His return to the country that he had left two years previously, precisely to a day, on his way to imprisonment at Malta, aroused a transport of almost religious enthusiasm among the people that lasted more than two weeks. The whole native population of Alexandria and Cairo was in the streets. At every crossing and railway station along his route, local dignitaries assembled to greet him and to proclaim him their apostle.

What sort of man was this, who seemed for the time to incarnate the aspirations and the hope of a multitude? Zaghloul Pasha, at this time past seventy years of age, had spent his youth in the vast mosque university of El Azhar, which graduates annually thousands of priests whose diplomas entitle them to teach the Doctrine of Mohammed and the Law of Islam. He became a lawyer, and his alert intelligence, his captivating eloquence, and his force of character speedily raised him to the first rank of that profession. When about forty years old, he was appointed a magistrate, and learned French law, passing his examinations at Paris. From this time dates the beginning of his career as a Nationalist. In 1906 he was president of a committee formed to found the higher educational institution that eventually became the Free University of Egypt. This labor attracted the attention of Lord Cromer, who was absolute master of Egypt for twenty-four years under the modest title of British Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent. Lord Cromer appointed Zaghloul Minister of Public Instruction, and later Minister of Justice. It is said that this appointment was due primarily to Cromer's desire to secure for the Government a man possessing the talents for organization and leadership that Zaghloul had manifested.

At this time Egyptian Nationalism was a vague and obscure aspiration that had little influence upon private conduct. The fellahs or peasants saw nothing beyond the confines of their village. The wealthier and educated middle classes, numerous enough in this land of ancient civilization, were less eager for independence than for a continuance of the peace and prosperity that they enjoyed under British rule.

However, discontent was spreading slowly beneath the surface. Egypt had been governed by British viceroys, under the guise of advisers to the native Government, since Great Britain occupied Egypt in 1882. To be sure, Lord Kitchener promulgated a new organic law in July, 1913, adding somewhat to the insignificant authority of the Legislative Assembly. Four years before this, provincial councils with equally modest powers had been established. These were the only steps taken by the British in the direction of teaching the natives the art of self-government.

Meanwhile the number of English employed in administrative and judicial positions continued to increase, and the natives found themselves crowded into subordinate positions. During the

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early years of the Occupation, the number of British employed in the administration was very small. But it had gradually increased until it exceeded sixteen hundred. Moreover, the British appointees received much larger salaries than the natives. Of the higher government posts, one hundred and sixty-eight were held by Englishmen, thirty-two by other Europeans, and only thirty-one by Egyptians. Doubtless many of these positions required technical knowledge that the natives did not possess; nevertheless, the latter believed themselves quite competent to fill them. In Egypt commerce, industry, and banking are almost wholly in the hands of Europeans, Jews, and Syrians. Natives of the upper and middle classes have derived their incomes mainly from landed estates, and have always considered public life their peculiar career. It is therefore easy to comprehend the indignation they felt at seeing public offices largely monopolized by foreigners.

Another grievance, on which the Egyptian Nationalists lay still more stress than on the discrimination against them in the civil service, is the unsatisfactory state of public instruction. The Educational Department, except for a few minor officers, is entirely in the hands of Englishmen. According to the census of 1917, only 8 per cent of the Egyptians over five years of age can read and write. The proportion ten years previously had been 6 per cent. Only 2 per cent of the women are literate. Methods of instruction are primitive and out of date, and school accommodations are utterly inadequate. For instance, in 1919 three quarters of the qualified applicants for admission to the school of medicine had to be refused because there were no provisions for them. Even in the most recent budget, the appropriations for public instruction form but 2½ per cent of the Government's expenditures.

Many natives believe the English have deliberately tried to keep the Egyptian people in ignorance. Let me say at once that this charge is unjust. Lord Cromer and his successors faced a situation that forced them to devote most of the Government's revenue to the construction of public works and the administration of justice.

A third source of discontent was due to the fact that the authority of the Government was based upon an Army of Occupation. Great Britain had repeatedly declared that these troops would be kept in the country only temporarily; but British officials in Egypt tacitly and openly labored to perpetuate English rule indefinitely.

However, this discontent was for a long time limited to the wealthy and educated classes. The common people remained indifferent. But during the war abuses arose that spread the sentiment of dissatisfaction and revolt among the lower classes.

Beginning with 1915, Egypt became a great military warehouse and detrainment camp for Australian, New Zealand, and Indian troops. As the importance of the East-European front increased, the British military authorities sought to draw from the valley of the Nile provisions, pack animals, and labor for transportation service, road-building, and trench-digging. The Government requisitioned grain, forage, and domestic animals, and enlisted the fellahs as auxiliary troops, known as Labor Corps. These auxiliaries, who eventually numbered about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, were at first volunteers; but later they had to be conscripted.

Naturally abuses and injustice crept into this service. The domestic animals and the grain requisitioned were paid for, but the price, especially in case of

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provisions, was often lower than the market price. The local officials intrusted with requisitioning employed their authority for private profit. The *omdehs*, or village mayors, paid for the grain they levied at the government price, delivered it to the authorities at the market price, retained in their own pockets for a long period the money they should have paid the peasants, and often appropriated part of it for themselves. In order to pay their corn levies, peasants who did not have grain were forced to buy it at higher prices than they received for it from the Government.

Still worse abuses arose in connection with labor recruiting. In order not to violate the Government's promise at the beginning of the war, that the Egyptians would not be forced to serve, the system of recruiting was theoretically voluntary; but when volunteers ceased to come forward, the omdehs filled their levies by force. Some conscripted their personal enemies, and exempted their friends and those who bribed them. Measures like those employed by the old-time press gang were occasionally used to get recruits.

The British Red Cross collected large sums of money by similar methods. Lord Milner observes: 'It is open to question whether it was prudent or opportune, under the special conditions prevailing in Egypt, where the opposition of Cross and Crescent was emphasized, to do more than notify the opening of a fund for the aid of the wounded, to which wealthy Egyptians and resident foreigners would no doubt have responded. But to have intrusted the collection to local Egyptian officials was inevitably to open the door to abuses entailing additional pressure on the poorer classes, with whom many other circumstances made the war unpopular.'

Furthermore, the military authorities adopted other measures for which the responsibility cannot so easily be shifted to corrupt native agents. Thousands of people of all ranks were imprisoned in Egypt or at Malta without trial. We should bear in mind that this was a war measure. The army found itself surrounded by a population overwhelmingly hostile, in a country where espionage was exceedingly easy. But it does not appear that British civilian functionaries of high rank made much effort to exercise a restraining influence upon the army. Some of the officers made no secret of their satisfaction at being able to use the emergency to discipline the natives.

The perfect tranquillity that prevailed in Egypt up to the signing of the Armistice encouraged this policy, and produced in its promoters the dangerous illusion that the Egyptians would stand anything. That was a serious blunder. During the previous twenty-five years, the natives had acquired new ideas through their association with Europeans residing in their country, travel abroad, reading European books and newspapers, and observing the example of Japan. They had conceived the idea of a common country, to which they all belonged without distinction of race or religion, a country entitled to be independent and governed by its own people.

The war ripened these ideas until they manifested themselves in action. The Allies had preached far and wide that they were fighting to liberate subject nations from a foreign yoke, and to make the world safe for liberty and law. In accordance with this programme, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the Turkish Empire were partitioned into new national states erected upon their ruins. We can scarcely blame the Egyptians for imagining that these noble professions were sincere, and fancying that their country had the

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same right to independence and self-government that the Armenian Republic or the kingdom of Hejaz enjoyed.

This is the background, and this is the present status, of the Egyptian problem. Its solution is still uncertain, or at least distant. We do not know what the new Legislative Assembly will do. What attitude will the representatives of England and Egypt respectively take toward the three great issues involved: a British military base in the Nile Valley, the Sudan, and the Capitulations?

Public opinion in Egypt, so far as is reflected in the press and in the speeches of the nation's leaders, seems ready to consent to Great Britain's retaining a military base in the Nile Valley, but to insist that these troops be stationed east of the Suez Canal.

The Sudan question is equally difficult. That immense territory, after being subject to Egypt for more than sixty years, was reconquered a quarter of a century ago from the Madhi by an army composed mainly of Egyptian troops. The Anglo-Egyptian Agreement of 1899 placed the Sudan under the joint government of Great Britain and of Egypt. Since then it has been administered by a governor-general, appointed on the recommendation of the British Government. This official, naturally an Englishman, exercises legislative and executive authority, subject to the British representative at Cairo and the Egyptian premier. The civil service is run by Englishmen. Since 1902 the expenses of the Sudan Government have been largely met by the Egyptian treasury. These subsidies, amounting to from 65 to 75 per cent of the Sudan budget, are not reimbursable. In addition, the Egyptian treasury has advanced more than forty millions of dollars gold for public works in the Sudan. This money has made it possible to build roads, telegraph lines, railways, and irrigation works in that region. As yet only a small part of that vast interior empire is under cultivation. Its development requires an elaborate system of irrigation works. The Egyptians have always regarded the prospective extension of these vast irrigation projects on the Upper Nile with apprehension. The waters of that river are not superabundant. Egypt often suffers cruelly from their insufficiency. If the time comes when those waters are drawn off nearer their source to irrigate the immense prairies of the Sudan, Lower Egypt and the Delta may become the prey to famine. Therefore the Nationalists insist that Egypt must keep control of the Nile waters, while the English are eager to abolish the fiction of joint rule, and to make the Sudan their own African possession to develop as they please.

Last of all, the Capitulations and the reform of the judiciary present many knotty points. Readers will recall that by virtue of treaties concluded with the Sultan of Turkey, and extended by implication to all the former dominions of the Sublime Porte, subjects of most Western Powers residing in Egypt are exempt from personal taxes and from the jurisdiction of local laws. In respect to legal procedure and police protection, they enjoy the special protection of their consuls. With a few exceptions, local statutes do not apply to foreigners under the Capitulations, except as they are enforced by mixed courts of appeal. Will an independent Egypt continue to respect these special rights of foreigners, or will she insist that they be radically amended and curtailed?

Public opinion in Great Britain, and the Government of that country, seem to be seriously convinced that the Egyptians should be allowed to govern themselves. But before putting this decision into practice, the English want

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guaranties. I believe that most educated Egyptians have passed the age of illusions. They wish to end as speedily as possible the agitation that has unsettled the business and the political life of the country for more than three years.

That agitation is beginning to alarm them, for eventually it may be directed not only against foreigners, but also against the wealthier natives, and may change from a movement against the Whites to a movement in favor of social revolution. These educated men realize that England is a guest who must be shown consideration and who cannot be handed his hat unceremoniously. Consequently they are eager for a satisfactory compromise. But the question remains: Will they have the courage of their convictions? Will they dare to face the mob of their ignorant and fanatical followers? For, let it be said, the problem of Egypt is still far from settled. Important as are the achievements up to date, they are but one step forward toward an ultimate solution.

ALSATIAN HUMORS

BY S. DE CALLIAS

From *La Revue Mondiale, April* 1
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

HANS IM SCHNOCKELOCH

Der Hansel us dem Schnockeloch
Het alles was her well
Un waser het des well her net
Un waser well des het her net
No kauf der sich a brel
No het her wan her well.

THESE words begin a little Alsatian song, and are in substance: 'Hans does n't know what he wants — He wants what he has n't got — What he has he does n't want.' And in truth the Alsatians could hardly describe better their self-contradictory temperament. They are a blunt, sarcastic, fault-finding people, and yet great lovers of discipline. They belittle what they have and cherish a great idea of what they do not possess. They are sincere patriots, yet do their best to create the impression that they hate France.

A short sojourn in any little Alsatian village, like P——, on the border of Lorraine, will convince a man of keen observation, who can get the people to talk, that what I say is true. For several months the French press has printed with admirable impartiality the grievances and complaints of the Alsatians. Every man among them has had his say, and no two of them agree. Some demand that the provisional government be abolished and Alsace-Lorraine treated like any other French department; others protest clamorously against unsectarian schools and the complete separation of Church and State that such a measure would involve. A Strassburg newspaper recently printed with bitter irony: 'There are some folks who go so far as to say that Alsace ought to be treated precisely like Brittany, Normandy, or Savoy!'

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Some Alsatians grumble indignantly at the tolerance shown toward German residents of their country, because some still retain their posts in the public service and, if they have French wives, are permitted to become naturalized. Others, though not so many, say: 'That policy is perfectly right. In the first place we avoid breaking up many Alsatian families that have intermarried with Germans ever since 1870. In the second place, the Germans are easily assimilated, and the second generation of them will prove very passable French citizens. Just see how Germany profited by the migration of the French Protestants to that country in the seventeenth century.' I need not say that I quite agree with the latter view.

Another grievance of the Alsatians, who are simultaneously incurable boasters and grumblers, is that the French Administration is not as competent and efficient as the admirable German Administration that preceded it. To this we may reply at once that the Alsatians have forgotten an all-important point. They should try the experiment of living a short time in post-war Germany. It is utterly unjust to compare the regular, smooth-running, well-oiled government of any part of Europe before 1914 with even the best European government to-day. Let these people take a trip into the interior of Germany, and observe the dilapidated and neglected railway cars, the absence of light in passing through long tunnels, the disappearance of dining-cars, and the frequent delays in transit. Let them acquire some direct experience with the tardy delivery of letters in Germany, with her present telephone service, which even rivals that of France in worthlessness, and with the rebellious indifference of government officials. After that, I fancy, their retrospective admiration for German administrative efficiency will speedily evaporate.

I also hear many Alsatians complain vehemently because they or their friends have been unfairly treated by the French Government. There have been some unhappy blunders. In my own opinion it would have been better to have let a few bad Frenchmen and pernicious Germans escape punishment than to have tried to sift them out at the risk of unjustly accusing so many innocent persons. I have in mind an honest innkeeper, a Frenchman through and through, whose neighbors charged him with being pro-German, because German officers established a mess at his inn during the war. His wife confided to me, one day, that from a business point of view he regretted slightly the departure of the Germans; for they would sit and drink every evening until two o'clock the next morning, while the French officers who succeeded them would only step in at rare intervals to take a modest glass of wine. She admitted, however, that 'the French custom was better for their families.' None the less, the rumor got around that these honest people were villains of the deepest dye, and a very bad impression was created when a dinner given by the French authorities, on the occasion of some patriotic ceremony, took place at their establishment.

Another instance of this kind was the case of a shoemaker charged with having reported to the German authorities a poor devil who spoke French in front of his window. The man who was said to have reported was exiled to East Prussia, where he died. Now a little investigation revealed the fact that there was no truth whatever behind this charge. Village gossip is found everywhere in the world. But in Alsace it is apt to take a dangerous turn.

Still another illustration of the little irritations that are constantly occurring

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in this region, so unhappily divided against itself as a result of a long foreign occupation, was the trouble about a monument over the graves of fallen soldiers. The little village of P—— furnished France with a great many volunteers. The monument committee naturally wished to have the names of all these young men, who had thus sacrificed themselves for their distant country, carved on its pedestal. However, local families, whose sons had fallen while fighting in the German army, protested against this, and insisted that the names of their boys should also be carved upon the monument. This was a little too much for the authorities, and permission was refused from Paris. Then the whole countryside was up in arms, and the threat was made that the names would be erased at night. Finally the committee got around the difficulty by not carving any names whatever on the monument except those of its own members!

This petty wrangling, so characteristic of the Alsatian temperament, would not be important if it did not excite a gleeful reaction in the German press. I have read most exasperating articles in papers published beyond the Rhine, based upon communications, more or less untruthful and exaggerated, from people of some standing in Alsace, to the effect that the province was willing to return to the bosom of the Fatherland. It will be enough to cite a single example, from *Der Tag* of Berlin: —

> One never meets an Alsatian without hearing a new grievance. Already German rule, for which the province showed itself ungrateful, is seen in a new light, and we hear it said on every hand: 'Ah, those were the good old days; in those days we had good order and prosperity!' . . . The number of pro-French Alsatians has dwindled until, if the matter were put to an honest popular vote to-day, 90 per cent of the people would cast their ballots in favor of independence.

I know quite well that men who write this way do not write in good faith. They purposely suppress the fact that on every fourteenth of July or twenty-second of November the villages of Alsace are one vast cloud of tricolor, and that even poor people, laborers and peasants, buy French flags of silk, fringed with gold, that cost them fifty francs or more. I have seen all this with my own eyes. Our recovered brothers remind me of the members of a family who spend their time criticizing each other to strangers — complaining of their father's tyranny or their mother's narrow-mindedness — without the slightest thought of deserting the fireside circle.

I hope that what I have thus said of the way my fellow Frenchmen regard good *Hans im Schnockeloch* will not be taken in ill part. With all their solid and serious good qualities the Alsatians lack the gift of smiling. I never had this impressed upon me more vividly than one day last summer, on the train between Strassburg and Wiesbaden. While we were at Worms, and all the passengers were at dinner in the dining-car, a crowd of local people invaded the train, blocking the passages for lack of seats.

When we had finished our dinner we tried to make our way back to our compartments. It was lost labor. The French travelers, who were a majority in my car, made an effort and then returned, laughing at their failure. They passed the matter over with joking remarks, a little platitudinous perhaps, like: 'It would take bayonets to get through there!' or 'We're prisoners till we reach Wiesbaden!' or 'Look out for your luggage at the next stop! You watch one platform, and I'll watch the other!' But

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the Alsatians in our car took the matter far more seriously. They were desperately concerned at the idea of being separated from their luggage, and cursed the railway company steadily, for the next hour, because it had not put on extra cars. They clearly regarded us Frenchmen as frivolous fools, having no comprehension of our more philosophical mentality that makes us accept the inevitable with a joke.

I believe that Alsace still feels the raw wounds inflicted by her rude contact with the Prussians, and that she has acquired a habit of complaining she cannot immediately overcome. But time will heal these irritations; time will smooth over the rough places in our common pathway. Let us hope that *Hans im Schnockeloch* will recover the smile of the heroes of Erckmann-Chatrian. He will only need to copy those of his fellow Alsatians who have preserved that wholesome tradition, like Hansi, the most Gaelic of the Alsatian race.

AMERICANISM WITHOUT MACHINES

BY FERNAND BALDENSPERGER

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From *La Revue de Genève, March*
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My deck neighbor on the steamer which brought me back to France in June 1918 was an American from the West, visiting Europe to introduce certain inventions he had perfected. One day he regarded long and attentively a young Breton sailor, some seventeen years old, who was polishing the deck brasses. Suddenly he turned to me, just after the alert lad had betaken himself with rags and polish box to a more distant point, and said: 'Tell me, have you really got men enough in your old countries to waste labor like that?'

'Old countries' meant to my American acquaintance England, France, and Italy; for he assured me that Germany had become tremendously modernized within a few years. And beneath his inquiry there ran a thread of theory, of faith in efficiency, of increased output, and that sort of thing.

'I catch your idea,' I said. 'You have in mind a machine to do all that business mechanically.'

'Why not? There 's an intelligent, hard-working boy who knows how to read, write, and reckon. I found that out from him, for he has picked up some English on this run. He has a good appearance. Have n't you something better for him to do than to rub those brasses? Any idiot could handle that job. I've invented an electric riveter. Now with a little machine built on the same principle, a child five years old

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could polish all the brasses on this ship in fifteen minutes.'

'Quite true, sir, but that Breton boy is in the way of rising in the service of the company. Because he has done this job, he will later be better qualified to manage men under him. It will count in his favor that he started at the foot of the ladder. I know heads of big businesses in France who believe they are better managers at forty, because they swept out offices when boys.'

I knew my argument would not hold water; but had I not, my friend's pitying smile would have speedily enlightened me.

'Nonsense, sir. You 're simply finding an excuse for your inveterate habits. It 's like a man with arteriosclerosis bragging about his health. Let me put the question to you once more: Have you enough men in your country to be able to afford boys seventeen years old for jobs that an invalid, an old woman, or a simple machine could do? Why, that boy might be piloting a motor boat, driving a six-horse truck, keeping books in a big hardware store, or running a rotary press.'

Six months later I met my traveling acquaintance again. He had completed a hurried trip covering three quarters of Europe and, like several of his fellow countrymen, was prophesying our immediate ruin. Yes, we 'd see Europe 'on the rocks' perhaps in a few months. One would have supposed that we were to be submerged by a great deluge, like ancient Atlantis.

Now I soon discovered that my inventor's disturbed state of mind was due to discovering a sort of organic inconsistency in our industrial and economic life. He saw all about him a general disposition to adopt American methods, a general speeding-up due to the war — though this was an evolution that really had commenced long before. On the other hand, our system of production had not been adapted to this new spirit. Our ideas, our social customs, our general ways of doing things, were not in rhythm with the new cycle. I suggested that what he discovered in Europe was 'Americanism without machines,' a phrase that delighted him.

Will Europe be able to reconcile the two antagonistic ideas here expressed? Are we destined to adopt Americanism outright? Shall we surrender utterly to the era of machines? Let us go into this subject a little more deeply.

If we were to indicate in a phrase the most far-reaching aspect of Americanism as an international influence, would we not say that it consists in discarding patriarchal institutions? Democracy, constitutional liberty, self-reliance are ideas and facts that other countries practise after a fashion. But during the last fifty years the Americans, whether intentionally or not, have pursued a line of development that has been practically fatal to the old social organization we describe as patriarchal, where the mother and children and relatives and servants and friends form the typical social cell.

It seems a strange trick of Fate that those institutions of the farthest West, where the individual so easily breaks the ties that bind him to the parent group, should be set face to face with Asia, where ancestors are still paid divine honors and where family sentiment and ritual are the foundation stone of society.

I know very well that one finds in the United States charming families, delightful homes, names — especially in the East and South — that have not ceased to represent, in spite of the deluge of immigration and the constant migration of the natives themselves, the continuity and cohesion that we associate with an ancient gens; that the great cities of America are surrounded

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by thousands and thousands of country homes that shelter family groups quite as compact as our own. Nevertheless, the typical American is by psychology and education an autonomous unit, instinctively rebelling against the patriarchal idea. And his business life, his pleasure, his labor, his leisure, his religion, his sports — all tend to emancipate him increasingly from those larger and more enduring family ties that are still all-powerful in most parts of Europe.

However, Europe is unconsciously drifting in the same direction. She possesses too many roots in the past to surrender without reserve to the new tendencies; but the war has made a great difference even here. Henry Bordeaux told me at the front, where his duties were to study the morale of our soldiers and to scrutinize carefully their correspondence with their relatives at home, that he had been deeply impressed by the enfeeblement of the attachments, even among the peasants, that lie at the very foundation of our family organization. And the investigations that this ardent defender of old-time standards has made since the war do not seem to have changed his opinion.

Wives became accustomed to managing affairs during the absence of their husbands in the army and acquired habits of initiative and independence fatal to their old submissiveness to marital authority. Children were early impressed with the problem of making a living and no longer look upon the ancestral calling as a necessary career or a satisfactory vocation for the future. They now judge and weigh a life-pursuit solely with a view to its remunerativeness. Young girls are often forced to earn their living before their twentieth year, and in any case are freed from the conventional guardianship of former days. Therefore they no longer look forward to marriage as an emancipation, but merely as a change in their normal way of living. And what are we to say of the servant question that is producing a radical revolution in the old household organization? The new spirit among servants is one of the most striking indications of the profound social transformation now occurring.

We all know this. Nor is it necessary to recall that American civilization has experienced these changes, this rapid growth of individualism, earlier than we. These conditions are assumed as a matter of course in the United States. Servants are becoming transformed into domestic day-workers, living outside the family of their employer, and appearing at their place of employment to perform particular tasks at set hours. Family traditions and ancestral pursuits seldom determine the career of an American boy. One never hears in that country the Chinese formula: 'Mr. So-and-So, son and successor of his father.' Young girls are granted a free choice of occupations and entertainments, and often regard a husband as a financial provider, entitled to respect and consideration, but by no means to obedience. We know quite well the type of woman that has developed under these conditions — at least among the well-to-do. She is a woman of remarkable activity and initiative and somewhat intimidating will-power. To tell the truth, she is masculine in intelligence and taste, though retaining her interest in attire and personal appearance.

Still the Americanism we see in Europe is due to transitory causes. For instance, the inflation of our currency has completely revolutionized our old attitude toward money. Conceived as a mere scrap of paper, money has lost the respect and consideration we used to show to its substantial gold and silver reality. Opening a check-book, or

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pulling out of your inside pocket a bundle of bright-colored bank notes, is morally a very different operation from counting out slowly great round pieces of gold and silver. So we find growing carelessness in regard to money and expenditure in the minds and habits of the multitude. And since inflation has gone hand in hand with rising wages, we are justified in saying that during the last half-dozen years we have been passing through an exceptional experience, very like what is normal to the Yankee.

But other things besides money are in rapid circulation; nor are the new rich, who are so busy accumulating fortunes and distributing them, the only remaining symbol of our greater social mobility. The present interest in athletics, sports, and other mobile arts is also a phase of Americanism. Our automobiles competing in speed with our trains, the congestion of traffic on the railways itself, the constant chugging of motor cars in the vicinity of our great cities, suggest the uninterrupted procession of Fords and Cadillacs that flows unceasingly along the asphalt highways of New England or Illinois. The cinema, *à l'américaine*, has become the favorite entertainment of the masses. This silent, mobile portrayal of action, excluding all the nuances, the vocal inflections, the significant pauses of the stage, seems designed for the hurried relaxation of a sport-loving generation. Consider, too, the rage for dancing in our great cities; not dancing as a form of rhythmic expression, but as a mere vorticity of motion-for-its-own-sake.

Consider again what we might call Americanism in philosophy. If metaphysics are not actually conditioned by the age in which they appear, the reception given them by any particular epoch forces us to recognize a connection between environment and thought. Descartes and Newton fit an era of stability, when vortices and gravitation were the guaranties of universal order; Kant with his categorical imperative, and Nietzsche and his superman, characterize, after all, two phases of Germany; Cousin and eclecticism, Comte and positive philosophy, Spencer and evolution, Taine and environmental determination, designate not only systems of thought, but also the mental attitudes and attractions of the age in which those thinkers lived. We recall the welcome that Bergson received in the United States, and how easy it was to win acceptance for the idea of creative evolution, for the philosophy of mobility, in that country. We should add more recently to this example Einstein's theory of relativity, which invites time itself to disintegrate, after a fashion, and to cease to form an absolute medium for thought and phenomena. Whether Einstein was understood or not, he preaches an idea of the universe for which the soil is well prepared in the United States, and the degree to which that system imposes itself upon our own intelligence measures the strength of the metaphysical tie between America and ourselves.

Our American inventor was, of course, right in insisting that the transformation — more or less durable and more or less apparent — that Europe has recently passed through has not been reënforced by adequate equipment, by adequate material apparatus. The deeper reason for this is unquestionably to be found in the traditional conservatism of the rural classes of France, Italy, England, and Southern Germany. No cosmic impatience can accelerate their plodding pace or undermine their rugged virtues and peculiar traditions. They have an unfailing source of equilibrium in themselves, like children's toys containing a hidden weight that makes them stand upright, no matter in what position they are

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thrown. Still the Americanism that has insinuated itself into other aspects of our individual and collective life is equally bereft of that mechanism that seems an essential part of Americanism in its native home.

By machines we mean any device that will perform automatically a task that does not require the direct use of individual intelligence. It is a harsh thing to say, but most unskilled labor is not far removed from mechanical action. The great triumph of the machine, however, is in those automatic operations whereby, once set in motion, the mechanism produces an unlimited quantity of objects precisely alike, without itself being conscious of their use or their destination. Thus there is brought into play a creative force, unaffected by anything but the demand for its products, strikes, mechanical wear, and unemployment. . . . Has Western Europe been too tardy in comprehending the necessity for machinery in many important fields of production? With our shorter working-day, our 'English weeks,' our trades-union demands, our poverty in mechanical appliances, are we Europeans not like the fairy prince in an Oriental tale, whom a mischievous magician suddenly invests with royal rank without providing him with a saddle horse, a crown, or a scimitar?

That fairly describes our situation. My American friend was right. No small part of our economic discomfort is due to this contradiction. Let us thank the gods that we have not become entirely the slaves of the mechanical piano, of ready-made sauces put up in bottles like patent medicines, of automatic restaurants where you can select from a menu of three-dozen dishes by dropping coins into that number of slots. Let us congratulate ourselves — for it is one of the guaranties of our civilization — that the farms in France are so small that our laborious peasants cannot afford to buy McCormick reapers. Let us felicitate ourselves that we still have good, old, sympathetic family physicians, whose familiarity with our personal history enables them to make instinctive diagnoses of our complaints, rather than a host of specialists armed with delicate devices for registering mechanically our pulse and listening to our lungs and heart. Let us still leave to our teachers the function of discovering the aptitudes and abilities of their pupils, instead of submitting the latter to carefully devised, inflexible tests supposed to group them mechanically and automatically into future industrial managers, horticultural specialists, and presidents of the republic. Let us still cherish pride in our skillful artisans whom no machine can rival in dyeing silk, weaving beautiful worsteds, dressing leather, or polishing to microscopic nicety the parts of an airplane motor. Let us thank the gods that we cannot be interrupted by the telephone when dining at a restaurant or sleeping in the privacy of our home.

After making all these reservations, what is it then that we need? Apparently the typewriter, the light automobile, the stylographic pen, and the safety razor are the only modern devices to increase human efficiency that have been widely adopted by our general public. I am told that our slate quarries have not found it economical to use machines for cutting and splitting their finely stratified stone, that mechanical cranes and loading docks have proved unsatisfactory in some of our Mediterranean ports, that our large banks have been compelled to go back to hand-counting their money instead of intrusting this to overcomplicated mechanical devices. The porters at our railway stations continue to push laboriously great trucks loaded with vast

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mountains of baggage, when an electric truck, guided by a child, could perform the same labor with ease. Yardmen continue to crowd between the car buffers to couple cars when the whole thing might be done automatically. And while we are talking of railways, would this not be a good time to do away with our compartment cars, so tempting to train robbers, and to suppress our system of classes which we have inherited from Louis Philippe, and to group our passengers into two classes: local and through? The length of a journey, not the social rank of the passenger, ought to determine the comforts provided for him on a train.

I might continue indefinitely. When the electric fairy, whom Italy is pursuing much more strenuously than we, shall have dismissed as relics of antiquity the dark, insalubrious coal-mine and the smoking factory-chimney of to-day, we shall perhaps experience a revolution in household service, and an electric button will enable us to dispense with a discontented servant. The day when our offices learn that modern business methods require a perfected index-system, and scientific classifications of facts under names and dates and prices, we shall be able to dispense with a vast amount of wasted effort, with clerks running to and fro, and plunging feverishly into the depths of mysterious registers, and with passing inquiries along from desk to desk. I do not urge putting a pencil sharpener at the side of every bureaucrat, an addressograph at the side of every mailing-clerk, an automatic pen-filler at the side of every bookkeeper; we can copy the Americans without sacrificing our old delight in work well done, in a gracefully written address, in the refinements that I should like to see still cherished even in office correspondence.

On three occasions within less than a century and a half, American influence has had a moral effect upon the Old World. On each occasion, as was natural, old traditions felt themselves threatened and rallied to oppose the New World invasion. Life and what we call progress consist of these oppositions and reactions.

American independence stirred sentiment throughout all Western Europe and the course of the French Revolution in its earlier stages was influenced powerfully by the struggle for freedom in the British colonies. After 1830, when it was found that the Holy Alliance did not represent the final constitution of Europe, and when the restored dynasties had proved a failure, 'Democracy in America,' as De Tocqueville called it, was heralded as a model for the future world; and the financial institutions, the penal system, and the civic organizations of the United States were studied by a thousand investigators as hopeful auguries of better things. Still later, on the eve of our War of 1870, when Liberalism addressed itself boldly to solving the problem of the public school, of the education of women, of compulsory school-attendance, we again turned to North America for formulas and programmes. And on each one of these occasions, the impulses that had animated the young civilization across the Atlantic had to compromise with the habits and traditions of the Old World when transplanted to our hemisphere. The composition of forces is a central fact in sociology as well as in mechanics.

Americanism without machines is doubtless another episode of the same kind. The man of Europe is deeply concerned in augmenting his leisure, affirming his dignity, and equalizing his opportunities. On the other hand, he instinctively rebels against anything that unduly transforms his labor into a simple mechanical activity. He does not fancy, at least as yet, a type of ex-

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istence divided between intense production and complete idleness. He cherishes a secret tenderness for combining personality and technique, and abhorrence in the bottom of his heart for whatever savors of Taylorization.

Will he find a successful formula to compromise these two tendencies — to unravel the contradictions of his present condition? Will he substitute perfected machinery for human labor that is capable of better employment, than at present, in important fields of industry, and thus classify the human resources of the nation according to a more rational plan?

A CHINESE OBSERVER IN SIBERIA

From *Shen Pao, January 22–February 8*
(Peking Progressive and Liberal Daily)

Amur Province, immediately north of the river of that name, is very fertile, and before the war enjoyed great commercial prosperity. A steamship company owning more than one hundred boats operated upon the Amur River. The large industries of the province furnished employment to more than one hundred thousand of its inhabitants. It was a true outpost of empire for Russia in the Far East.

Since the Revolution, however, this province has been rent by bitter conflicts between the defenders of the old régime and the champions of the new. Communism has taken possession of the people, and the well-to-do have fled to other countries. The big steamboat company is now controlled by Chinese capitalists. The factories and other manufacturing plants now employ only a few hundred workers, and these earn but a precarious livelihood.

In the towns the streets are dirty and neglected and the parks have grown up in weeds. There are practically no foreign residents, except a few Chinese merchants or laborers who still survive and prosper. The working classes are in control. Merchants find it difficult to keep going. Wherever their interests conflict with those of the workers, the latter have their way.

I had the good fortune to meet several of the officials who now govern Amur, men of very revolutionary principles. They appeared to be intelligent and shrewd politicians, but deplorably deficient in practical experience. The revenue of the Government is very small. It is raised by taxes levied upon the few unfortunate capitalists who still remain behind and upon the peasants; but the latter have suffered so many calamities that it is practically impossible to procure money from them. So the government officials are themselves in extreme need. Many were unable to entertain their guests even in the humblest manner, and their personal attire bespoke anything but wealth and opulence. However, a Russian friend told me that their poverty was partly affected. Some officials have acquired wealth, but fear to let the people know it.

Curiously enough, in spite of distress universal in this district, the people do not seem to be discouraged. The schools, in particular, are doing

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their work as in normal times. Frequently I saw girls and boys going to their classes. They had healthy, rosy cheeks, and were clearly in the most buoyant spirits.

This consistent cheerfulness among all classes of people impressed me strongly. One would naturally expect that where men have such difficulty in keeping body and soul together, pessimism would be universal. That is not true of the Russians. Wherever we stopped at a railway station, we always found soldiers joining with the people in a merry dance, with as lively music as one would be apt to find under the most successful and prosperous Government.

On our way westward to Chita, I had an opportunity to talk with some of our fellow passengers and speedily convinced myself that the people are in real distress. I accosted a robust young fellow sitting near me, and asked him if he were contented with the general situation. He chuckled and answered good-humoredly that no one could be contented, but that as far as he personally was concerned, he was fairly well satisfied with the universe. I asked him how much he earned. He replied: 'Our pay is perfectly regular. We have not received a cent for the past two years. Of course we are given a little grain now and then, and though it is never sufficient to feed the whole family, we manage to get along pretty comfortably. We sell our property so long as we have any. Why should I worry?'

I pursued my questions and asked him why he did not go farther west, instead of staying here in Amur, since conditions were probably better toward the interior. He answered, seriously enough, that it was the period for enrolling men for military service, and that if he did not stay at home, he might be forced to join the army. Few people care to do that. Fully three quarters of the men eligible for military service manage to evade the law in one way or another. He bade me good-bye at the next station, when he got off the train; and I discovered from another passenger that he had been on a social visit to a neighboring town, where there had been some local celebration.

The man who furnished me this last information was a kindly chap, of whom I continued my inquiries. He said that he was in the railway service and that before he had been only a common laborer, earning no more than a couple of dollars a month. Nevertheless, he stated emphatically that he preferred the old times to the present. I asked: 'What was your idea in starting a revolution?' To which he naïvely replied that the police were too oppressive. 'We couldn't stand them, so we had to overthrow the Tsar.' I asked whether his trouble with the police was due to his getting drunk. I do not know whether I hit the nail on the head or not; but at any rate my remark received the hearty approval of the policeman sitting with us, who roared with laughter at the suggestion. When I asked my man why he did not take up some other employment, he said that he was working by order and dared not disobey. If he violated the commands of his superiors, he would be thrown into prison.

At the next station two interesting passengers, both Koreans, came on board. They spoke Chinese. I immediately made their acquaintance, seeing at once that they were probably associated with the government that the Koreans are trying to set up in their country. One of the gentlemen was the other's secretary. I asked them whether they were going to Chita on official or private business. The leader said that he was on official business. I naturally inferred that he was soliciting

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aid from the Chita Government to set up an independent government in Korea. He told me, however, that this was not his object. 'Don't you see,' he said, 'Russia and Japan have serious questions to settle. The Far Eastern Republic is more or less at the mercy of Japan, and cannot give us Koreans effective help. What sort of aid could they furnish us in any case? Provisions and ammunition? But the officials of the Far Eastern Republic have not received their own salaries for many months and their soldiers scarcely ever have a square meal. Their rifles and artillery are antiquated and practically useless in modern warfare. You must have observed all this for yourself. It is impossible for the Chita Government to give us aid.'

As soon as we arrived at Chita, we made it our first business to see what kind of government really existed there. I was at once impressed with the number of political parties. These include: a Majority Farmer Party, a Minority Farmer Party, a Majority and a Minority Communist Party, a Social Revolutionary Party, a Constitutional Party, a Social Democratic Party, a Moderate Democratic Party, and the Lord only knows what other parties. The Majority Farmer Party outnumbers all the rest, but the real power is in the hands of the next strongest group, the Majority Communist Party. The latter forms part of the International Communist Party of European Russia, and has the reins of government in its hands. In fact, the other parties scarcely make their voice heard. Even the Majority Farmer Party, with its great numerical strength, has to content itself with a few minor government offices. To all intents and purposes the Far Eastern Republic is under a minority party tyranny.

I was interested primarily in the all-important question of public finance. The Government draws its revenues from six principal sources: the post office, the telegraph office, the railroads, a property tax, a business tax, and passport fees. All of these sources of revenue depend first and last on business activity, and that has almost ceased to exist. Practically all the shops and stores that still survive belong to Chinese and yield the Government a very limited revenue. There are a number of gold mines, but they are either exhausted or are shut down for lack of labor. In the old days, labor was abundant. Nine tenths of the mine-workers were Koreans, of whom as many as one hundred thousand were employed in the Baikal region alone. Under the Communist régime, however, the laborers do not receive enough to eat, and they have naturally gone home to Eastern China and Korea. Only a few hundred are still at the mines. Many Russians would be glad to take up this kind of work, if they were convinced that it would pay them a living.

With these scanty revenues the Government has to pay its own expenses and that of an army; naturally the funds are utterly inadequate for this. I was told that last autumn it was decided that officials of higher rank were to be paid only sixty dollars a month, and that some lower officials would not receive more than six dollars a month.

Laborers have a legal scale of wages, but those wages are not paid. Employers ration their employees. I was told that the standard ration is a pound of bread and a half-pound of beef, but that the quantity is often reduced to one half or one quarter of that amount.

Rumor has it that a special courier from Moscow recently brought a large sum of money to Chita, but I could not learn the details. I got into pretty close touch with the men at the head

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of the Finance Department, but even though they lost their wits in a barroom, I could not extract reliable information from them. There are at least twenty kinds of paper money in circulation, the denominations ranging all the way from one ruble to twenty-five thousand rubles. It may give some idea of how much these bills are worth, when I say that a pound of bread costs twelve thousand, five hundred rubles, and an ordinary sack of flour three hundred thousand rubles.

When we finally arrived in Moscow I made such inquiries as I could concerning conditions there. Men closely associated with the Government said they were as good as could be expected. But the conversation with the common people convinced me that distress is constantly growing. We saw groups of refugees numbering a hundred or more headed toward the West for help. When I was in the Amur Province I was told that some twenty-five thousand starving children were being convoyed to Siberia from Russia in order to be fed.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SPANISH INQUISITION

BY SIR SIDNEY LEE

[*Although Sir Sidney professes himself more or less at loss as to the identity of the 'Guillén Sanchez,' or 'Gulielmus Sanchaeus,' who censored the Second Folio, an English Jesuit priest suggests in a letter to the* Times *that he was probably Father William Sankey, a native of Lancashire, who spent twenty-six years in Spain, partly at Madrid and partly at the English College, S.J., at Valladolid. Father Sankey went to Spain about* 1640.]

From the *Times, April* 10 *and* 11
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

SHORTLY before the war there was lent to me a copy of the Shakespeare Second Folio of 1632 to which there was attached a surprising and a unique interest. This copy underwent, near the date of publication, the strange experience of official expurgation under the authority of the Spanish Inquisition.

Eight years ago the volume was temporarily brought to England with a view to valuation. It had previously lain for the best part of three centuries in the library of the English College at Valladolid. The book has since returned to its ancient home, and is not likely to travel again. A wish was expressed on the part of the English College that I should describe the book at the time that I examined it in my London study. Many valuable extracts from the College registers and archives were also forwarded to me. But the war supervened and I put aside my notes, only to consult them again during the past few weeks. With the approval of the corporate owners of the book, I now draw public attention to the singular and hitherto unsuspected adventure which befell an early copy of Shakespeare's collected works within two decades of the author's death.

The English College at Valladolid,

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which was christened St. Alban's, was founded by the great Jesuit agitator, Father Parsons, in 1589. King Philip II of Spain was an enthusiastic patron of the foundation, which had for its object the training of young Englishmen for the priesthood, with a view to their returning as missionaries to England in the hope of reconverting their fellow countrymen to the Catholic faith.

The Shakespeare Second Folio at Valladolid, which has been rebound at a recent date, is in fair condition, and is undefaced by irresponsible scribbling, save for the appearance of the signature 'Joannes Lucas' on one of the preliminary pages, and of the words '*Finis Coronat Opus*' at the end of *Coriolanus*.

At the foot of the title-page appears in very distinct handwriting the license of the Holy Office. The book had safely weathered the perils of prohibition. It was subjected to the minor penalty only of expurgation, which was carried out by a Jesuit named Guillén Sanchez, with the full authority of the Holy Office. The words of the license run thus: —

Opus auctoritate Sancti Officii permissum, et expurgatum eadem auctoritate per Gulielmum Sanchaeum e Soc^te^ Jesu.

Little seems to be known of the Jesuit Inquisitor, beyond the fact that he expurgated near the same date some other English books, which still remain in the College Library. A copy of the third edition of Speed's *History of England*, which appeared in London in the same year as the Shakespeare Second Folio, bears in the Inquisitor's handwriting these words: —

Historia haec expurgata est et permissa auctoritate Sancti Officii huius Tribunalis Vallisoletani anno 1645 per Gulielmum Sanchaeum.

Inquisitor Sanchez fails to date the Shakespeare license, but there is reason to believe that it belongs to a somewhat earlier year than that mentioned in the Speed license.

The expurgator of the Holy Office treats Shakespeare's work with lenience. For the most part he does his spiriting gently. His forbearance lends small support to the claim of some modern Catholic writers to identify Shakespeare's religion with their own. It is highly improbable that the Spanish Inquisitor considered the question of Shakespeare's personal creed. His conciliatory mood was doubtless due to the tolerance commonly bestowed at the time by the Censors of the Holy Office on dramatic literature. The contemporary native drama was enjoying a special popularity throughout the orthodox cities of the Peninsula.

Strange to relate, there is good ground for believing, in spite of the normal policy of the Holy Office, that a copy of Shakespeare's works had, at a somewhat earlier date, found admission to a private library in the same city of Valladolid. There the Casa del Sol was, and is, the family residence of the Counts de Gondomar, of whom the most famous was Spanish Ambassador in England from 1613 to 1622. The Count de Gondomar who played, during those nine years, no small part in English political and social history, was a noted bibliophile, and according to trustworthy evidence, he added to his fine library in the Casa del Sol a copy of the Shakespeare First Folio soon after its publication. He was probably in a position to gain the special indulgence of the Holy Office.

Some eighty years ago the Spanish historian, Señor Gayangos, examined the volume in its ancient Spanish home, and made a full and careful report of its condition, which showed much marginal manuscript comment. The pres-

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ent Count de Gondomar bears witness to the fact of the presence of the book at the Casa del Sol until 1873. He adds the information that, on his grandfather's death in that year, the heirs presented the whole library to the royal family of Spain.

Inquisitor Sanchez apparently set out on his task of expurgating the Shakespeare Second Folio with a twofold aim. He thought to delete words and passages which offend either against morality or against Catholic doctrine. Especially does he seek to protect Pope, priests, monks, and nuns from damaging insinuations. But he fails to apply his principles with any strict uniformity, and much that one would expect to fall under either his dogmatic or his ethical ban escapes his attack. Only a single play does he wholly condemn, and that on moral rather than on doctrinal grounds. The twelve leaves which supply the text of *Measure for Measure* are torn out bodily, in accordance with a common usage of expurgators of the Holy Office.

But nineteen of the thirty-six plays which the volume contains are left untouched: that is, seven of the fourteen comedies, five of the ten histories, and eight of the twelve tragedies. The unexpurgated pieces are: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winter's Tale*, *Richard II*, *2 Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *3 Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *Coriolanus*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*.

Four comedies, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Merchant of Venice*, receive a special mark of commendation.

At the head of the text of each of these plays the Inquisitor has inserted the word 'good.' The *Merry Wives* and the *Comedy of Errors* are wholly untouched, and *Much Ado* and the *Merchant* come off scot-free, save for the deletion in the first comedy of some frank remarks by Margaret, Hero's waiting-woman, while she is dressing her mistress for her wedding (III. iv), and the excision from the *Merchant* of a licentious reflection on the Jew when he is lamenting his daughter's elopement.

The rest of the comedies are mildly handled. In the *Tempest* only two expressions are inked out — 'an unstanched wench' (I. i. 51) and the epithet 'holiday' in the phrase a 'holiday foole' (II. ii. 30). In *Love's Labour's Lost* Boyet's free jesting with Rosaline, the lady-in-waiting on the French Princess, is scored through (IV. i), and 'Saint Cupid' is deprived of his canonization by the erasure of the word 'Saint' (IV. iii. 366, and v. ii. 87); nor is 'Saint Denis' allowed to retain his prefix when the Princess couples him with 'Saint Cupid' (v. ii. 87).

In *As You Like It* (III. iv. 14), Rosalind's remark about Orlando, that 'his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread,' disappears, like the Clown's remark in *All's Well* (II. ii. 28) 'as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth,' when the speaker is jesting about the harmonies of nature.

The history plays provide fuller scope for the Inquisitor's censure, but even there much that one would expect to offend his susceptibilities is untouched. Falstaff's ribaldry in *Henry IV* provokes no remark, but his oath, 'By the Mass!' suffers deletion. So in *1 Henry VI* (I. iii. 49–50), Gloucester is allowed to hurl at Cardinal Beaufort all his passionate virulence, with the exception of a single line.

When the Duke exclaims:—

> Under my feet I stamp thy Cardinal's hat,
> In spite of Pope or dignitaries of Church,

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the second line is obliterated. In 2 *Henry VI*, the scene dealing with the Duchess of Gloucester's practice of the black art of raising spirits is slightly censored; and in the later passage where Gloucester exposes the pretended miracle of the restoration of sight to a blind man there is much mutilation, and many lines are effaced.

The only two history plays which excite the Inquisitor's sustained disapprobation are *King John* and *Henry VIII*. In the former play King John's speeches defying the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pandulph, and the Bastard's sarcasms at the Legate's expense are all freely expurgated. References to the 'usurped authority' of the Papacy, and the insinuations of corruption in the sale of pardons, all go out. The dramatist's allegation that the evil king died of poison remains, but the suggestion that the poison was administered 'by a monk' is erased.

In *Henry VIII*, apart from some excision of the Old Lady's frank obscenities (II. iii), it is against the religious and political partisanship of the piece that the Inquisitor chiefly aims his well-inked darts. He will not allow Henry VIII to complain of 'tricks of Rome,' and all praises of Archbishop Cranmer are expunged.

The epithets 'virtuous,' 'good,' and 'honest,' which are applied to the Archbishop, are heavily scored. When the King bids the courtiers 'use him (Cranmer) well, he 's worthy of it,' the last clause is removed. The Inquisitor treats with exceptional sternness the prophetic eulogies which the Archbishop pronounces on the Princess Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn's daughter, just after her baptism.

He strikes out such lines as these, which foreshadow Queen Elizabeth's beneficent reign: —

> God shall be truly known, and those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of Heaven.

Where the dramatist put into Cranmer's mouth the words: —

> She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> An aged Princess, many days shall see her,
> And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
> Would I had known no more! But she must die,
> She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
> A most unspotted lily shall she pass
> To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her,

the Inquisitor, with comically ironic effect, allows the speaker to say no more than: —

> She shall be
> An aged Princess, many days shall see her,
> Would I had known no more! But she must die.

He is no less drastic in his revision of Archbishop Cranmer's panegyric on Queen Elizabeth's successor, King James I. Similarly, Henry VIII is deprived of the address to his Court in which he fervently acknowledges Cranmer's flattering outlook. The speech in the Folio text opens: —

> O Lord Archbishop,
> Thou hast made me now a man . . .

All that the King is suffered to retain are the concluding words, 'I thank ye all,' which, deprived of their setting, hang limply in air. The whole of this censored scene is in all probability from the pen, not of Shakespeare, but of his coadjutor, John Fletcher. Such knowledge, which the Inquisitor doubtless lacked, was not calculated to affect his judgment.

The Inquisitor's energy or interest was apparently exhausted by his work on the history play of *Henry VIII*. There is rebuke of the obscenity of Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*, which in the Second Folio is wrongly placed among the tragedies. But the genuine tragedies are practically undefaced by his pen. There the Inquisitor only obliterates some indelicate jesting of Hamlet with Ophelia (*Hamlet*, III. ii), and some coarse expressions from the lips of Lear's Fool (*Lear*, III. ii. 27 and 40).

Another kind of interest attaches to

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one marking of old date in the section of the tragedies. Special attention is called by means of a thick line drawn in the margin to a passage in *Macbeth* (III. vi. 45 *seq.*). There Lennox, a Scottish nobleman, expresses the hope that Macduff may obtain aid from the English Court in the coming attack on the usurping Macbeth. Lennox's words run: —

> Some holy angel
> Fly to the court of England and unfold
> His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
> May soon return to this our suffering country
> Under a hand accurs'd!

It is uncertain whether the Inquisitor or a member of the College was responsible for the marginal scoring, which clearly indicated approval. But the cause of the sign of emphasis is obvious. The sentiment of Lennox's speech was readily identifiable with the aspiration which moved the hearts of the young Englishmen who were preparing to return as missionaries to their own 'suffering country' while the penal laws against them were still in full force.

It was long after 1632 that Shakespeare's works circulated on the European Continent. Very few copies seem to have left England until the eighteenth century was well advanced. A native of Zurich who visited London in 1614 carried home Quarto editions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*, which still survive in the Zurich Public Library, but no precedent was thereby created.

The copies of the First and Second Folios, which arrived in Valladolid in very special circumstances, near the date of publication, remained in Spain isolated specimens of Shakespearian literature for fully a century and a half. Another copy of the Second Folio was acquired after 1650 by King Louis XIV's librarian for the Royal Library at Paris — a volume which may still be consulted in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The discovery of the Second Folio in the English College at Valladolid may best be regarded as proof of Shakespeare's early popularity among his fellow countrymen, whatever their religious creed. It is scarcely an anticipation of that devotion to Shakespeare which, now universal, was, in Latin countries at any rate, the tardy growth of the late eighteenth or nineteenth century.

The Valladolid College was one of a number of similar Continental foundations. Such establishments, which were under Jesuit supervision, were so many counterblasts to the persecuting policy of Queen Elizabeth's Government, which construed the acceptance by Englishmen of orders in the Catholic Church into the capital offense of treasonable sedition.

The first English seminary college was founded at Douai in 1568, and when political disturbances drove the professors and students temporarily to Rheims, a detachment migrated to Rome to inaugurate the well-known English College there. The Douai College returned in 1593 to its first home, where it remained till its dissolution by the French Government of 1795. But the English Catholic leaders on the Continent, who could always count on King Philip II's zealous patronage, regarded Spain as their chief place of refuge. Valladolid was their first and most notable foundation.

It was opened on September 1, 1589, with six students, all young men of good English family, of whom three had already spent some time at Rheims, and three at Rome. A house was hired in the Calle de Don Sancho, and was soon purchased by the munificence of a Spanish benefactress. The College still occupies the same site. Between 1589 and 1640, four hundred and seventy-six English students were entered at the College. Among them was Henry More, Sir Thomas More's great-grandson,

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afterwards an active Jesuit and historian of the Jesuit Mission to England (1580–1659). He joined the Valladolid College on June 20, 1603, ran the risks of the English Mission for some twenty-five years from 1622 onward, and died in 1661, at the age of seventy-five, Rector of the English College at St. Omer, another sixteenth-century foundation of English Catholics.

Almost all the students, on leaving Valladolid, faced, like Henry More, the perils of the English Mission, in the dark days of the penal laws. Between 1600 and 1643, seventeen suffered either capital punishment at Tyburn or elsewhere, or died in English prisons. In 1632, the year of the publication of the Shakespeare Second Folio, as many as eleven new students, undeterred by the menacing experience in store for them, came out from England to Valladolid; nine followed two years later, and ten in 1636. The College had clearly no lack of courageous and devoted alumni when Shakespeare's work was first put at their disposal in the College library.

The instruction at the College was mainly theological. It naturally included scholastic philosophy, by which the students appear to have set much store. In 1637, six entrants fresh from England left the College, on the ground that they were refused permission to join at once the philosophy class.

The library was specially well equipped in dogmatic theology and scholasticism, but some secular literature was admitted in early days, chiefly books on English history. No catalogue appears to exist of the volumes in the library in the first decades of the seventeenth century; but there still remain on the shelves from that period many standard works on the mediæval history of England, like Archbishop Parker's edition of Matthew Paris's *Chronica Majora* (1571), an edition of Froissart's *Chronicles*, issued at Lyons in 1588, and Sir Henry Savile's massive collection of mediæval chronicles, *Rerum Anglicanarum, post Bedam scriptores praecipui*, which appeared at Frankfort in 1601.

Of more modern Latin literature from English pens, the chief volume was the collected edition of the works of Sir Thomas More, Henry More's great-grandfather (Louvain, 1566). Literature in the English tongue, apart from Shakespeare, seems to have been represented some two centuries ago only by first editions of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* (1614), and of Francis Bacon's *History of Henry VII* (1622).

There were many obstacles to the circulation of books in Spain, especially those written in foreign languages. In conformity with its primary function of stamping out heresy, the Spanish Inquisition, early in its career, took literature under its harsh protection. Before any printed book could find admission to a Spanish public or private library, it had to pass under an Inquisitor's eye. On the Inquisitor's report to the local tribunal, a book was either prohibited and destroyed or it was subjected to the mutilating process of expurgation.

Official Indexes, which were issued at irregular intervals, supplied the titles of both prohibited and expurgated volumes. At all ports, familiars of the Holy Office made search for books among incoming cargoes, and though the cunning of smugglers occasionally evaded the espionage, very few literary importations escaped the penal toils of the Inquisitors.

Ownership of a condemned book usually exposed its possessor to all the barbaric tortures of the Holy Office. Those tortures were proverbial in England, where, at the very time that Shakespeare's Second Folio was published, James Howell, a man of letters, who had traveled in Spain, was writing

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to a friend, August 30, 1632: 'The very name of the Inquisition is terrible all Christendom over.'

In the result, the Inquisition, through its censorship of books, kept the intellect of Spain in abject servitude. Yet the obscurantist tyranny had its moments of relaxation. Works of the imagination excited less suspicion on the part of Inquisitors than works on theology, philosophy, or science. Although many Inquisitors deemed themselves protectors of morals as well as of faith, they were less stringent in their censorship of morality than of doctrine.

It is curious to note that the far-famed dramatic narrative called *Celestina*, which dates from the extreme end of the fifteenth century, and passed through numberless editions in the sixteenth, escaped, despite its gross improprieties, all censure from the Inquisition until 1640. Then some fifty lines were ordered to be excised, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that the book as a whole was prohibited.

When the power of the Inquisition was at its height early in the seventeenth century, the outspoken satires of Quevedo suffered no injury at the hands of the Holy Office, while the dramatic works of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon circulated without hindrance. One dramatist, Tirso de Molina, as popular at the time as any of these great masters, long and successfully doubled the rôles of dramatist and ecclesiastic. His main title to fame rests on his creation of the witty free-thinker and profligate, Don Juan, who later became a hero of literature in every country of Europe. Yet Tirso's frank interpretation of human nature failed to disqualify him for occasional service as censor of books for the Inquisition.

The English College at Valladolid enjoyed no exemption from the sway of the Inquisition. Valladolid, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Castile, was the birthplace of the far-famed Torquemada, the founder of the institution, and of King Philip II, one of its most fanatical supporters. The tribunal of the Holy Office there was highly organized early in the seventeenth century, and its activities were incessant. The publication of new editions in 1632 and in 1640 of the *Index librorum prohibitorum et expurgandorum* whetted the literary activities of the tribunals throughout Spain.

Books, before they were admitted to the library of the English College, were submitted to all the rigors of examination by the local tribunal.

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HEALING BY AUTOSUGGESTION

BY ORLO WILLIAMS

[*M. Émile Coué has for some time been the most talked-of man in London, whither his reputation as a healer, first won at Troyes and Nancy, has recently extended. He claims numerous cures, and his formula, 'Every day, in every respect, I grow better and better,' is so well known that it is the subject of casual allusions in the press, and furnishes admirable material to political cartoonists. M. Coué was a pupil of Liébault,* 1855–1886, *and gradually formulated his own thought during the closing years of the nineteenth century. His theories are distinct from those of the Freudian School, although his chief disciple, Dr. Baudouin, declares that 'the two outlooks are complementary.'*]

From the *Westminster Gazette, December* 24, *March* 4
(OLD LIBERAL WEEKLY)

THE arrangements for the recent reception of Dr. Émile Coué in this country were very modest; the organizers made little attempt at publicity, and were unprepared, I should say, for the amount of interest which, even so, was aroused by the news of his arrival. Messages from those in the know passed from mouth to mouth, telephones rang, post cards multiplied, and the secretaries were besieged with applications to hear and see the physician, who for many years at Nancy has taught people how to restore their own health with such extraordinary success. On the whole, this modesty was a good thing, though it was a typical example of how little we English know of what is passing in the minds of those around us. The gentleman who took the chair at Dr. Coué's first lecture had prepared a typewritten oration explaining what the lecturer did, what he was going to say, and what valuable services he was rendering, gratis, to mankind; but the audience knew this already — a fact, impatiently expressed, which seemed to surprise the chairman. His speech, beyond its words of welcome, was unnecessary, so well had the ground been prepared by Dr. Baudouin's book, *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion.*

That book — a careful and enthusiastic, but not at all brilliantly written, description of Dr. Coué's psychological discoveries and their application — produced, and is still producing, a sensation among thinking people in England. It would have needed, I suggest, no abnormal acumen to observe this, yet nobody showed the acumen who might have profited by the observation. Had the imaginative entrepreneur been at hand, he could have made a first-class 'stunt' of Dr. Coué's visit to London, and that stunt would have spread rapidly into the country. Luckily this mischance was avoided. In America it would not have been avoided, given the same mental preparation. Propositions would have been made to Dr. Coué which, had he listened to them, would have involved much lecturing in large halls to huge audiences, staring headlines in the press, innumerable interviews, and a deluge of correspondence. From such a corvée may he ever be delivered: it is not in his line. May he rather inspire some energetic and brazen-lunged disciples to propagate his principles in all the modern circumstances of glare and publicity, while he continues in his own unassuming manner to prove to hundreds, day after day,

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in his bare clinic at Nancy that in conscious autosuggestion there is a fresh start for the weary and a new hope for the despairing.

Those who heard Dr. Coué lecture at the Essex Hall, in French, were fortunate. He was not hampered then by an unfamiliar tongue or interrupted by an interpreter; and the hall was just not too large to force him to abandon the charming tone of conversation in which he tells grown-up children how silly they have been, how easily they may become wiser. The short but solid figure, the high brow with its thin gray hair, and the rather compressed features beneath it that combined so naturally into so pleasant a smile, the simplicity of delivery, the unaffected address, the anecdotes and illustrations, so humorously, yet gracefully, dramatized with voice and gesture, the quiet conviction, the modest but sincere disclaimer of any *personal* power to work wonders — these were the salient impressions. There was no effort to impose as a preacher, to impress as a seer, or to mystify as a magician. '*Je ne suis pas un guérisseur*,' he insisted; and yet the conviction was irresistible that the love of healing is the flame that burns within him, lit by a benevolent pity for frail humanity suffering from so many avoidable ills.

In the best sense Dr. Coué *is* a healer. As he now is, so he must continue — no impersonal theorist, but the inspired practitioner. The success of autosuggestion as applied by him to illness is too well known to need emphasis: his theories have been given to the world and his own personal gift is to make them peculiarly convincing. But 'mastery of self by conscious autosuggestion' — to use the full title of his pamphlet — is a proceeding which obviously stretches far beyond the confines of ill-health, however wide the limits of that expression are strained. The realm of the subconscious is still but hazily mapped; of its powers and of its boundaries we have but the vaguest conception. Once enlightened, one cannot help reviewing all one's past experience and noting, over and over again, the immense power, for good or ill, of unconsciously applied autosuggestion; and one is led to all manner of questions and reflections regarding its potential part in normal, healthy life — questions and reflections all the more fascinating in that science, as yet, has done so little to answer or regulate them. Here is an interesting and scarcely trodden country in which anyone may conduct his own harmless excursions without much paraphernalia, and, it may be confessed with relief, without the repugnant delvings in dungheaps which scare normal folk away from psychoanalysis.

The knowledge required for conducting such excursions is of the simplest. Dr. Coué's tiny booklet contains it all in a few pages. A few lines, even, will give its gist. The imagination, or the subconscious — he uses the terms synonymously — regulates all the bodily functions and, further, influences conscious thought and action to an incalculable degree. The first prehistoric medicine-man had glimmerings of this truth. For any individual, so far as his own responsibility goes, what his imagination believes is true, what it expects will happen, what it dreads is terrible, what it rejects is impossible. Dr. Coué lays great stress on the additional fact that the will in conflict with the imagination is not only powerless but actually strengthens the power of its opponent. A consciously formed wish, within the ambit of personal performance, will not be fulfilled until the imagination accepts its possibility. Induce the imagination, within the same ambit, to accept a possibility, and that possibility will become reality. The words 'I can,' not 'I will,' are the

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magic spell. The only limit which Dr. Coué himself places to their efficacy is the limit of 'what is reasonable.' But what *is* reasonable? We should hold it unreasonable to expect the growth by suggestion of a new limb, because our experience records no such phenomenon, but experience is an uncertain referee. Suppose that an obscure officer of artillery suggests that he shall become an emperor, or a young country solicitor that he shall, as prime minister, sway the destinies of a great nation: could fond relations call such flights of fancy reasonable? All the probabilities would be on the side of the scoffers: yet these things happen. Autosuggestion, says Dr. Coué, is a business for every day throughout the whole of life; it might be unwise then, in youth at least, to be unduly reasonable in one's aspirations.

Bits of orange peel cause broken legs; it is easier to remove the peel than to set the broken limb. Every successful autosuggestion means a *pelure d'orange écartée*, said the doctor, and he seemed to regard a properly used subconsciousness as a kind of street sweeper before the path of the average healthy person. No doubt the obstacles to happiness are manifold — unhealthy tendencies, bad habits, antipathies, passions, hatreds: all of these can be cleared away. One might, with an effort, sweep oneself into or out of love. But this metaphor seems hardly to make the best of autosuggestion. Is it not the motor of that tremendous engine, self-confidence, which, thanks to a clearer understanding, we can now use more intelligently than before? Dr. Coué's teaching gives us a quite unusual opportunity — that of performing an act of faith upon perfectly rational grounds. Some acts of faith must be performed in defiance of reason, and there are those who hold that the defeat of reason by overpowering emotion or ecstasy is in itself valuable. But to many others the defeat of reason is an insuperable stumblingblock. Here, then, both parties may be satisfied. The grounds of this faith contain no mystery, for they are based on observation, yet the power of this faith is far beyond that of ordinary cogitation. Now, indeed, one may say, cubits can be added to stature by a rational process; and though faith in others, especially for more diffident natures, may seem easier and more sustaining than faith in oneself, it is susceptible of bitter disillusion. Faith in oneself, rationally acquired, need never be disappointed.

Nevertheless, simple as the grounds for this faith appear when Dr. Coué explains them, as it grows and is confirmed by unmistakable proofs of its efficacy, its mystery must grow with it. Dr. Coué used the simile of a horse and cart to illustrate the relation of the subconscious to the rest of the individual. Hitherto our creaking wagon or our stately brougham has been drawn about in all manner of directions, uncontrolled. Dr. Coué has put the reins into our hands, and experience will teach us how best to use them. Looking back, we see that we have held the reins all the time, though we hardly knew how to use them. Now we can guide our cart. But what, after all, is this mysterious horse that draws it? How is it related to the cart and the driver? These are inevitable questions, and science has not yet answered them. The coachman on his box, though a layman, may therefore be forgiven if he speculate.

The simile of horse, vehicle, and coachman employed to illustrate the relation of the subconsciousness to the consciousness of an individual is a peculiarly suitable starting-point for reflections by the coachman. M. Coué has set the coachman quite firmly on his box; there should be no mistake about that. The average coachman, however, is an unskillful driver, who usually lets

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the horse take charge under the delusion that he is guiding it, giving occasionally desperate tugs at the bit, which cause a kick or a bolt. M. Coué, who claims no originality, but only a greater clarity than other driving-masters, shows the coachman how to use the reins, and makes him at last something of a whip, fully entitled to his seat on the box.

Some coachmen remain content with driving. The horse is always harnessed and in motion, whether their eyes are looking eagerly ahead, choosing the route, and racing or avoiding other vehicles, or whether they are nodding in slumber. Others, however, — those who prefer to drive in quiet lanes, — are often tempted to take their eyes off the road and contemplate the strange horse which grew up with them and, when they at last fall off the box, will go — whither? It is a strange beast, in truth. It remembers everything that the coachman tells it, while he remembers nothing; yet its memories, apparently, are all in a jumble, and it is continually giving some of them back to the coachman to be sorted out and acted upon. The nuisance is that the coachman, being highly impressionable and nervous, often tells it all kinds of silly stories about the rotten state of the cart, the dreadful hills it has got to climb, and the terrible things it will meet on the road. The dutiful beast, believing all these stories, begins to stumble and jib and shy, whereupon the coachman, with mingled oaths and prayers, whips the horse up a wrong turning, where ruts and rocks abound. The axles creak, the wheels wobble, and the springs break, and somebody tells the coachman that if he does not take care he will have a complete upset.

But the quaint thing is that, if the coachman is warned in time, he can tell the animal better stories about the excellence of the coach and the smoothness of the road, and the willing creature not only begins to trot along pleasantly, but by some mysterious means manages to grease the axles and mend the springs. Sometimes, even, it manages to give the whole concern a coat of fresh paint. This behavior makes the coachman uneasily suspect that the horse has, after all, some intelligence of its own, which is not exactly *his* intelligence. He can persuade it, for instance, that the whole concern will have the necessary strength and solidity to stand an exceptionally long and arduous journey, and the journey is duly completed. Yet, during that journey or after it, he will possibly become aware, quite unexpectedly, that the journeys projected for to-morrow and the next day had better be curtailed or entirely postponed. His intentions were directly contrary to that idea; whence did it come? Along the reins, presumably. That puzzles the coachman. He can make suggestions to the horse, but can the horse, after all, make suggestions to him? Those reins, really, are more like telegraph wires; but is there a transmitter at both ends?

Again, the coachman finds that in sending messages to the simple and apparently unintelligent apprehension of this horse he has to repeat them over and over again — to din them, as it were, into the creature's ears. And, since the creature seems to resent exceedingly any tinge of a command, on the advice of driving-master Coué he will take care to send the message in a noncommittal way, hardly understanding the words he sends, but repeating them as he might a prayer in an unknown language. Every night, for instance, he finds, if he be English, that it is an admirable thing to repeat some twenty times the sounds: 'Evriday inevrirespekt Iget beteranbeter.' The off axle, perhaps, wants greasing, and there is an uncomfortable creaking

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somewhere in the interior. The coachman need not say so. 'Evriday, and so forth,' seems to be enough for that odd steed, who, unaccountably, sees to it that the off axle runs smoother and the creaking stops. The only conclusion to which the coachman can come is that either he told the horse exactly what was the matter without knowing that he did so, or that the horse knows a great deal more about the cart than he does. The subconscious, in fact, can select the appropriate particular application of a general suggestion. If so, it is only a step further to suppose, on the hypothetical general suggestion of a young and ambitious coachman, 'Wunday Ishalbe priminister,' a daily prescription by the canny steed of the appropriate steps to the attainment of the chief place upon the Treasury bench. A reflective coachman, dwelling on these things, might be forgiven for wondering sometimes whether he is not really in the shafts and the horse upon the box.

Then, again, in certain circumstances the horse seems to be amenable to other suggestions than his coachman's, especially when the coachman's attention is wandering. According to M. Coué, certainly, every effective suggestion is an autosuggestion; that is to say, a suggestion made by Smith to Jones must be accepted by Jones before it takes effect on Jones's condition or actions. It might be supposed, then, that acceptance of a suggestion from outside involved an act of choice by the fully reflective consciousness — by the coachman, in fact. But this is not so, by any means, as everybody knows. Suggestion from the outside is most successful when the coachman is asleep or otherwise temporarily incapable of comprehending, reflecting, or choosing. Hypnotism is no new discovery, though it was for long falsely disguised as magnetism. Readers of Flaubert will remember the ridiculous scene where Bouvard and Pecuchet magnetize the unhealthily inflated cow. M. Coué's own methods, I believe, developed out of a practice of hypnotic suggestion, though he abandoned hypnotism when he found that the same results could be attained by conscious autosuggestion. But he does not deny the efficacy of suggestion upon a hypnotized person, and a hypnotized person, obviously, has no power of choice, as we understand the word.

From this extraordinary state of affairs it seems to follow that the subconsciousness is not entirely passive, and — to return to our simile — that the horse can do a great deal without any intervention by the coachman. Further, the things that it does while the coachman's mind is wandering or benumbed can, though they do not always, affect his consciousness when he comes to. So it becomes questionable how far it is right to conceive this extremely active and powerful horse as of a 'lower type' than its coachman — still more questionable when one considers the early growth of an individual. Cart and coachman, body and mind, grow gradually and slowly at first; but the horse seems to be fully active while they are still in comparative infancy. A great many of us have isolated recollections of babyhood which, without any doubt, imply our possession of a reasoning power and a perception of personal identity before we could form a single word with our lips. *A* can remember distinguishing different colors and what those colors were; *B* can recall struggling discontentedly against the too tight clasp of a nurse; and so on. And cases are even known where infants, who had not yet learned to speak and hardly to understand, have been influenced during their sleep by definite verbal suggestion. I have been told of an obstinate case of infantile eczema so cured.

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This is the final confusion of the reflective coachman, who begins to suspect that the horse is not a horse at all, but something far more monstrous and mysterious. He may, too, have had an experience of this kind: several individuals are in conflict, the carts all pointing in different directions block the road, the coachmen are swearing and cursing one another from their boxes, somebody has got to give way or be upset; and yet, if one coachman successfully quiets his horse and gets out of the way, he finds, to his surprise, the other parties impelled to do the same, the tangle is cleared, and all proceed on their way in a decent and orderly manner.

Perhaps, then, — and this is as far as most humble coachmen will get, — the glimmering of a possible truth is that our horses of subconsciousness are not so much individual animals as parts of a force of which we have little apprehension.

Our cart is individual, distinguished from another cart by color, size, and position in space; that which we call our self, our ego, the coachman, is an individual, too, so sharply cut off from other individuals that we often despair over our ignorance of them. Yet it is just when individuality is in abeyance, when the body is at rest and the mind, so acutely conscious of its individuality, is oblivious, that the extraordinary vigor of the subconscious becomes manifest.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF TENNYSON. II

BY MRS. WARRE CORNISH

From the *London Mercury, December, January*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

THUS far reminiscences are framed by the Freshwater scene and the gold-lettered date of first meeting, but my recollections must henceforth be more scattered; memories of talk can but follow a sporadic and informal line. Tennyson's talk ranged over every possible subject, from the most trivial thing of the passing moment, to which he somehow gave raciness and importance, to the greatest heights of thought and speculation. It is impossible to reproduce the intensity of conviction with which he uttered his graver thoughts, and they were never far off; but the following jottings chiefly describe and contribute to a personal life and its connection with the past.

Before 1876, when we had a home in North Devon, we were often at Freshwater Bay and constantly welcomed at Farringford. One evening the poet spoke to me of Thackeray. Thackeray and Tennyson had been members of the same circle at Trinity College, Cambridge, but Thackeray was junior, and their intercourse was in London, chiefly at the house of the historian Hallam. The following fragment of the poet's talk and reminiscence was written in a journal at the time.

'The whole lovableness of Thack-

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eray's character came out in a letter he once sent me. I should like to think I had kept it, though I dislike the thought so much of letters of mine being kept. I don't generally care to keep any. This letter was written after we had been spending the evening together and had talked about Latin poetry.

'I had been praising Catullus's verse and saying that you could n't go beyond him in perfection of form and tenderness of expression; and Thackeray had been declaring his opinion rather strongly that I overestimated him, that he could write as well, himself, and I said nothing more. The next morning I received from him the humblest of apologies; he said he had begun looking at Catullus again as soon as he had got home, and immediately felt that he had known nothing of what he had been talking about, that every word I had said about him was true, and that he had been wholly in the wrong for speaking slightingly of him. It was impossible to have written a more beautiful letter, in a more generous spirit. The largeness of the man's mind came out in it. What do you think of it?'

'You had been having a very happy evening!'

'I always had a happy evening with him'— spoken in the tone of sadness of reminiscence of the dead.

Of *Vanity Fair* he once said, 'There is a passage in *Vanity Fair* that brings tears to my eyes. It is when the beginning of the Battle of Waterloo is heard at Brussels while they are sitting at dinner, and the waiter puts down the dish he is handing and says, "*C'est le feu.*"'

The Hallams' home in London continued to be at 26 Wimpole Street, with the attic den where Arthur Hallam translated the *Vita Nuova*, the

Doors where my heart was wont to beat.

Of *In Memoriam* there is no souvenir or private journal or literary allusion existing which mentions any reference by Tennyson to the poem. It was published anonymously. It was never referred to, and it was never read aloud. *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, was the only exception as regards reading. This lyric lent itself to fine vocal effects, but there was never any allusion to its place in the sequences of *In Memoriam*. Nor did anybody ever venture on the subject with the poet; but Mrs. Tennyson said to me once that many persons spoke to her of the comfort they found in *In Memoriam*, but neither she nor her husband could understand how consolation in loss might come from the thought of another — consolation was from within.

'Vienna, September 1833,' were words printed in fire on the poet's memory. He said in his latest years to his friend, Mary Brotherton, the novelist, 'I feel just the same.' When he visited Eton and was taken by Mr. Warre (as he then was) to see the house which had been once Dr. Keate's, he asked to remain alone in the garden, and he smoked there in solitude within sight of the windows which face Weston's yard. He did not speak a word. Warre only learned afterwards what had been the associations of the house for the poet. Arthur Hallam had been a boarder in Keate's house. It will be remembered that he was engaged to Emily Tennyson, the sister of the poet. He died at twenty-three. I seemed to be brought close to the tragedy once at Freshwater.

It was one Easter holidays. The Tennysons' carriage met me at the Yarmouth pier; in it I found Miss Thackeray and a lady with her dog in her lap who was staying at Farringford. As we drove off through the lanes, a personal conversation which had been interrupted by my arrival

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was resumed. The elder lady had a deep, serious voice, and she attracted me at once by her fine blue expressive eyes, which still gave forth light, though set in a deep-lined face. She had a well-cut profile; dark bandeaux of hair fell with delicate curves on each side of her brown face; they were streaked with gray. She had once been Arthur Hallam's fiancée, Emily Tennyson. To everything Anne Thackeray was saying in her gentle, reflective way about life and its contradictions, she replied with a strong Lincolnshire accent, 'I know that; I have felt that.' She added in a deep, melodious tone, just like Horatio Tennyson's, 'I have felt averything; I know averything. I don't want any new emotion. I know what it is to feel like a stoän.'

Emily Tennyson had married in 1841. There is a characteristic letter printed in Memoirs of the time which conveys a sense of the feeling about Arthur Hallam which still pervaded his circle eight years after his death: —

> What do you think? Emily Tennyson — I can hardly even now believe it — Emily Tennyson is actually now going to be married — and to whom after such a man as Arthur Hallam? — to a Captain Jesse in the Royal Navy; not a gentleman of astounding talents, or one would try to get over it, but all that one hears is that he is R.N. Julia Hallam always considered her quite as her own sister; she regarded her as a kind of nun; Emily had felt Arthur's death so much it had even injured her health. Uncle Hallam never contemplated her marrying again. For myself I had such a romantic admiration for her, looked at her with such pity, that all my feeling is *bouleversé*.

In the days that followed at Farringford, Mrs. Jesse's part in the circle was often racy. She was absorbed in her dog and in her raven, another pet which appeared at luncheon daily on her wrist; it was fed on raw meat, which had to be cut up in her presence. She was always ready with a *réplique*, quip, or pun for her nephews. When wit of this kind went on one day my sister said to Tennyson, 'Is n't it like Shakespeare?' And he replied, 'Yes, and the worse joke the better.'

Mrs. Jesse was keen on psychophotography, which was then in its infancy. She had recently been photographed in Clifton, and the shadowy figure of a man had appeared behind her on the negative when it was developed. She thought it had a look of Arthur Hallam. I recall the photograph shown and studied by a group at Farringford. Alfred Tennyson was one of the group; he walked through the French windows of the drawing-room, and, meeting Anne Thackeray on the lawn, said to her as if in a dream, 'Is that Arthur?'

All confided in this trusted friend and caught fresh vitality from her, and when she left Freshwater Mrs. Jesse said in deep tones, 'We are flat as flounders.'

My sister, Emily Ritchie, permits me to quote from memories of her many visits to the Tennysons at Farringford and at Aldworth, when she had the privilege of intimate intercourse spreading over twenty-four years: 'I only once heard him talk much about Arthur Hallam, and that was one evening over his port wine when he dwelt on his intellectual power, on his geniality, on his courtesy, and ended by saying, 'How you would have loved him!'

Toward the close of his life it was given to me to hear Lord Tennyson read *The Gleam* with the lines: —

> And last on the forehead of Arthur the blameless
> Rested the Gleam. . . .
> Arthur had vanished, I know not whither,
> The King who loved me and cannot die.

And he explained that he meant Arthur Hallam.

Music was a subject to which Tennyson gave his attention, with regret that

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he was by nature shut out from it. After hearing Joachim play at his house: 'A great deal of the music means nothing at all to me, but I can feel the poetry of the bowing.' After my sister had played the *Waldstein Sonata:* 'I can feel the glory, though I can't follow the music. I know that I miss a great deal by not understanding it. It often seems to me that music must take expression up at the point where poetry leaves off, and expresses what can't be expressed in words.' When Sir Charles Stanford first came to stay at Farringford, he was greeted with, 'You are the man whose stomach is filled with minims and crotchets.' When Tennyson said of my husband's Scarlatti that it was 'a-sighing and a-longing,' he added that he had himself wanted some further expression, a passing into music, as he ended a poem.

But I must speak of the poem most identified with Freshwater. It was composed there on the downs, in the summer nights of 1854.

The hearing of *Maud* read by the poet whole at a sitting — that poetical adventure described by many — was mine once at Farringford. I was alone with the master of the house. It came about in this way. The Tennysons had lent us the Terrace — their house in the Bay — where on our first visit we had found Horatio Tennyson. We were packing after a fortnight's Easter stay; a party of friends had just broken up. Mr. Tennyson called upon us alone, for his usual companion, Hallam, had gone up to town. The poet took a fancy to the sight of Mudie books and magazines about to be packed in my husband's book-box. He said he never saw any modern literature. He would like to read some. Could we lend him the contents of the book-box? But — tragically — how to return books? Hallam was away, paper and string intolerable always. 'Stay two nights longer and I will read you *Maud.*'

My husband, alas! was obliged to depart, but he kindly urged me to stay. A Mudie novel or two went up to Farringford under the poet's big cloak for immediate study. The book-box was sent for. And the next evening I was admitted after the early dinner-hour, at Farringford.

To my surprise I was taken to the study and found the bard alone. It was the new study, a spacious one built above the 'ballroom' in the wing of the house which came into existence as the boys grew up. The cedar on the lawn outside spread its strong arms to the study windows. It was early twilight; thrushes and blackbirds were quieting down after the long day's vociferation; soon there would be the silence which precedes the night in the country — and *Maud* opened with a deep bell-note: —

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood.

The familiar sequences of the narrative were read with the freshness of improvisation; the sorrowful retrospect of the crime committed in madness came in tones of infinite pathos — the murder of Maud's brother in the Hall garden. Other tones were delicate and tender, others passionate with mighty volume; the reading of *Maud* was delightful in variety and in calling forth every modulation. I saw the poet carried away by the spirit of his own creation and heard the splendid rhythm of 'Come into the Garden, Maud. . . .' All through the reading he constantly relied on the close verbal attention of the listener. He suddenly dropped his voice and asked after the line, 'The dusky strand of Death' (First Part of *Maud* xviii, 7): —

'What is that strand?'

'Shore,' was replied.

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'You missed the word "inwoven"; it is the woven strand of a rope.'

With the second part of *Maud* another mood began, the mood of madness; the monologues of the lover reach fierce despair. It was night by this time, and candles had been lit in the study; they illuminated the fine face of the reader, who held the book up to his eyes, but darkness, within and without, seemed to the listener to enfold her. The horror when the lover fancies himself buried under the roadway and beneath the traffic of a city was comparable to Racine's '*l'horreur d'une profonde nuit.*'

At length the reading ended in peace. There was some talk. The *trajet* from the large study to the pleasant lobby below, and garden door, was as usual full of kind, lingering good-nights. I only recall that in some connection with our talk Tennyson said, 'We have not done with prayer yet.'

His casual utterances on religion were more impressive than sermons.

Memory is inseparable from reflection, and remembering the reading of *Maud*, I have often thought of Tennyson as a great Poet of the 'Banner of Battle.'

The subject of war came up during the reading of *Maud*.

Whenever lines occurred about war, War the Purifier, War the Unifier, Tennyson stopped to say that the critics had misunderstood him. When had he been the champion of war? The poem was a dramatic monologue. The sentiments were in the mouth of a madman. He wished he had called the poem, as first planned, *Maud or the Madness*. 'Anyone can see that the words about war represent a mood. But the critics see nothing.'

Again, in connection with the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, Tennyson asked at another time whether he had in that poem praised war? It was duty, not glory, which his lines exalted: —

> Not once nor twice in our rough Island story,
> The path of duty was the path of glory.

But at the same time, he once boasted, 'I have three times been taken into battle,' meaning his poems carried on the person of a soldier into action.

Now that the Great War has come and gone, we can but admit he was mightily inspired by the deeds of war, and soldiers and sailors have borne witness to the power of *The Siege of Lucknow* with its refrain: —

> And ever upon the topmost roof the Banner of England flew.

The little song in *The Princess:* —

> Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,

first written 'thundering drums,' is one of the best songs of the drama of War in English. *The Revenge; a ballad of the Fleet* is beloved of the Fleet; the Pyrenean lines and the Waterloo lines in the *Ode* are magnificently descriptive of great British actions. With these stand of course the two poems of cavalry charges. Finally, four stanzas of *Love Thou Thy Land* show Tennyson's position as a true patriot's. He was sincere and constant in his protest against those who held him to have been an advocate of war; but when it came to the heroic deeds of a War of Defense, he was their Poet. Was it not as if we heard his voice in Flanders in 1914?

> A day of onsets and despair!
> Dash'd on every rocky square
> Their surging charges foam'd themselves away,
> Till thro' the long tormented air
> Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray
> And down we swept and charged and overthrew.

In the early autumn of 1875 the Tennysons were at Freshwater, and the reading of the new play, *Queen Mary*, is part of the recollection of a perfect holiday-time. The house was

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full of life from the presence of Hallam, who had just closed his undergraduate career at Trinity, Cambridge. The reading was among the pipes in the new Farringford study, without any solemnity at all.

'Why do you all like Elizabeth?' he asked of us. 'Elizabeth was not a religious woman and Mary was.'

There was extraordinary pathos in the poet's impersonation of Mary. He loved her as an English Queen, and his pity for her was tender. But the fundamental interest of the drama was in Mary's religious passion.

The poet was sixty-five when he turned dramatist. In the thick of play-production in the eighties he remarked, 'I was saying to Miss Rehan, who came to lunch with me to-day, that to write a play nowadays a man must be an author, manager, actor, and audience all in one, and she agreed with me. She showed me how she did Marian in *The Foresters;* it was n't as I intended; she showed too much fear when Robin drew his bow.' It was said that Shakespeare, too, was author, manager, and actor. Tennyson said, 'Shakespeare must have been a mighty man in his day for Ben Jonson to have written of him, as he did, that *he wrote for all time.*'

That sunny autumn of which I write saw the rise of lawn tennis in England. A beautiful clearing in the high wood at Farringford was now the tennis court, reached by a glade from the garden door of the house, and there the poet followed his sons. The play had great attraction for him. Tennyson's extraordinary eyesight, which required the strongest lenses and made it necessary for him to go close up to a man or woman before he could see them, enabled him not only to watch the game and admire the athletic skill of men and maidens, but occasionally to take a racket and hit a ball.

'I like the play, but hate the game,' he said. 'Fifteen love, thirty love, deuce — I never could count.' Despairing tones. Seated on a stone bench in that pleasant glade one day, watching tennis, he spoke of the death of Mrs. Carlyle. The poet's thought dwelt with horror on the letters of condolence Carlyle had received. Letters of condolence were intolerable. 'An old aunt of mine in Lincolnshire said, when she lost her husband, "I get so many letters I can't eat my dinner in peace."' More about the wretchedness of loss, the isolation of it. 'When my wife dies, I want no letters.'

The tones of Tennyson's voice were admirably suited to expressing vague dismay. When one of the players suggested that tea should come out to the tennis ground, he appeared in his dining-room and announced, 'One of the ladies has asked me for fifteen cups of tea.' He could be a delightful child. 'Visitors all coming at once remind me of flies on a dungheap — all coming together and all going together,' he was heard to say. He had a refreshing hatred of the commonplaces of intercourse, and a mistrust of what he called the humbug of society; but to visitors in his own house he showed ideal hospitality, bestowing *himself* upon them in a way which the most genial of the earth alone understand.

Tennyson's bluntness was always accompanied by goodwill. Here is an instance of a rough double compliment. Mrs. Tennyson, in taking leave of Mrs. Oliphant, who had come up from Windsor to lunch with the poet in Eaton Square, said, 'How kind of you, Mrs. Oliphant, to come to see us here!' and Mrs. Oliphant had replied, 'But, indeed, it is very kind of you to have done me this honor.'

'What hypocrites you women are!' said the poet, standing over the two beautiful ladies.

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A very famous outburst in South Kensington was in my sister Mrs. Douglas Freshfield's house. Looking out of the window at the square, he said, 'I suppose this is South Kensington; it looks like a cold hell.' Douglas Freshfield and his wife were enjoying their guest in excellent vein at luncheon in their house, and were delighted, but the story went forth and was repeated with strange variations.

Certain unspeakable 'Cockneys' at Freshwater, their incursions by the Farringford lane into 'Maidencroft,' with a good look-in at the summerhouse where the poet wrote, and up to the very windows of his house, brought forth many grumblings.

The following words about publicity are notable: —

'The amount of newspaper attention poets get nowadays would be enough to prevent me from putting forward any poetry at all if I were beginning now. I used always to think the ideal of happiness lay in the circumstances of a country squireen, who lived on about eight hundred pounds a year quietly, with his wife and family, attracting no attention; and here I am *deluged* with public notice. I am being driven mad by the way people publish all manner of things about me that haven't the very faintest foundation. I am told by a gentleman who goes into Lincolnshire to take photographs of the scenes of my youth that this mill was the original of the mill in the *Miller's Daughter* and that oak was the *Talking Oak*. Never anything of the sort. Why do they give me no credit for *any* imagination? The power of poetical creation seems totally ignored now.

'All this modern realism is hateful; there seems nothing but vulgarity everywhere. No man with imagination can be tied down to any one thing for his ideas. Turner was an imaginative painter, and how absurd it would be to *account* for all his works! There *may* be special suggestions.

'Why does one want to know about a poet's life? The less you know the better; he gives you his best in his writings. I thank God, day and night, that we know so little about Shakespeare.'

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A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION IN CHINA

BY ERICH VON SALZMANN

From *Vossische Zeitung, March* 10
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

How easily modern China acquires manners that only centuries of practice have made familiar to Western countries was illustrated at the first formal tea of the season, given by the 'Citizen-President' of China to the Diplomatic Corps and a few other chosen guests on the sixteenth of January. The New Year's reception, from which the English Ambassador remained ostentatiously absent, in order to bring political pressure to bear on the Government in a certain matter, had already shown that the new ceremonial would work with perfect smoothness, and that the Chinese knew how to conduct themselves in a Western way.

One morning a messenger brought me a gold-printed card bearing the following message: —

The Eminent President of the People's Flowery Middle Realm and his Lady, Madam Hsü, have directed that a special afternoon-tea be given at their Palace at four o'clock, P.M., on the sixteenth day of the first month, and they beg you to do them the honor of bestowing your brilliance upon the occasion.

An answer will be appreciated.

Formal afternoon-dress.

Guests will enter and leave the Palace by the Hsi-yuan Gate.

Accompanying this missive was a tiny red admission-card, to be presented to the sentries at the gate, in order that uninvited 'brilliance' might not 'be bestowed' upon the occasion.

I engage a modest ricksha, but all the fashionable world is going in automobiles, of which there is a seemingly endless procession. The entrance to the Presidential Palace lies a little west of the centre of the Forbidden City. It is the former eastern portal to the Winter and the Island Palace. In the latter building the unhappy emperor, Kwang Hsü, spent most of his life, virtually the prisoner of his aunt; and there his miserable existence ended mysteriously the very day his aunt died.

Palace guards receive each guest with the most faultless courtesy. After scarcely a moment's pause, palace rickshas take the guests across the frozen lake to the Presidential Yamen. Ambassadors and Chinese of the highest rank are permitted to go all the way in their automobiles. I see glittering bayonets everywhere. These are troublous times. No man knows whether to-morrow a coup d'état may not transfer all the pomp and circumstance of this new Government to other hands.

The immense entry court is completely covered. It is a frosty afternoon — only five degrees above zero. However, the function moves like clockwork. In a moment our furs and our high hats — which are already the mode here — are seized by a cloak-room attendant, who hands us tiny wooden claim-checks in return.

Thereupon we enter a great rectangular room looking comically like a roller-skating rink — obviously a most provisional arrangement. A few decorations have been put up here and there, and a temporary stage is erected at the southern end. The sound of music

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greets my ears, and I find myself confronting a large confused company of European and American ladies, Japanese ladies in their exquisitely beautiful national garb, and gentlemen in uniforms of every kind. Many are in khaki, and nearly all wear decorations and service stripes. In respect to the latter, the Chinese already outrival the Europeans from whom they adopted them. All the foreign civilian gentlemen are in frock coats or cutaways. It is neither cold nor warm, but just an uncomfortable temperature.

The music plays constantly. Most of the guests gradually find seats on the long rows of chairs marked 'Reserved for the diplomatic body.' Eventually ambassadors and their parties are in their assigned places.

However, the gathering does not warm up, and members of different nationalities do not intermingle until the President and his suite arrive; and the first Chinese play — with a plot nobody understands — is over. Then Chinese gentlemen of the President's staff, the Cabinet, and the Foreign Office take charge and most faultlessly play the host. No one can possibly imagine himself overlooked or slighted. The atmosphere of the gathering is easy, natural, democratic. Numerous officers of the American Legation Guard, in black uniforms, with a bevy of American ladies, invariably present on such occasions, take the very front seats, with that easy self-assurance which is a special gift of nature to their nationality. The music plays '*Der beleidigte Goldzweig*,' and actors in wonderful new costumes do their best to entertain us. However, this is only by way of prelude.

Suddenly there is a general stir in the gathering, and eight hundred pairs of eyes are directed toward the rear of the hall. Promptly everyone stands up. The President is joining us. Several elderly Chinese gentlemen in the central aisle courteously open a way for him. An elderly, grandmotherly Chinese lady in black silk, with three young girls hardly more than children clinging to her, presses her way slowly and diffidently through the crowd. It is Madam Hsü. She wears Chinese garb with a Chinese headdress, and extends her hand with a few friendly words to several ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. Then a chair is placed for her in the central aisle, and the group around her divides so that she can see the stage.

A few moments later the President emerges from a cluster of black-coated gentlemen, wearing a walking-coat with a very high-cut vest and a large red and blue rosette in his lapel. After greeting briefly a few acquaintances, he walks directly over to the centre of the right half of the room, pushes his way between the rows of chairs, and greets with especial cordiality the German Ambassador. He does this so ostentatiously that I note it with pleasure, because every act here means something, as much as it did at the court of Napoleon III. I can see the other members of the diplomatic Corps observing this incident keenly. For some reason the President wishes to lay stress upon his friendliness toward Germany.

During the first interval in the exercises on the stage, the guests rise and most of them drift off into neighboring rooms, where tea, cake, and cigarettes are served. There, too, everything is irreproachably managed. The Chinese exhibit great skill in handling the jostling throng. Nowhere do I see the slightest congestion or confusion. Nowhere is the slightest discrimination manifest. None of the guests can feel that he is overlooked or neglected. People of different nationalities intermingle and chat with each other. Many Entente officials, until recently very hostile in their attitude, have of

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late become quite friendly to us Germans. In fact, the abrupt change almost gives me the feeling that Germany has become socially popular. Old Entente acquaintances from before the war, who six months ago cut me coldly when we met, are thawing out perceptibly.

Mei Lan Fang is to play in the second piece, which proves to be a remarkable production. He is the greatest Chinese actor, especially in female parts. He appears as Ling Tan Yu in a scene from the famous drama, 'The Dream in the Red Pagoda.' The audience is again seated. Mei Lan Fang, in flowing robes, mimicking to perfection a slender girl, occupies the stage for an hour. The guests listen breathlessly to the melodious, if rather cryptic, dialogue and music. They are obviously deeply impressed by the strange and exotic art of this stage favorite. The way he manages his hands — which sparkle with diamonds — is incomparable. I never saw anything equal to it.

The President and his wife are now seated in the central aisle, before a table bearing tea and cakes. The old gentleman has laid aside his cap. This is certainly the perfection of self-denying courtesy to his guests, for there must be a strong draft from the neighboring stage on his gray head; and although the President of four hundred million people, he is, after all, only a man. He watches intently through his great spectacles the love scenes on the stage. His wife has been joined by two ladies of her suite, one of whom wears Chinese clothing and European pumps, the other a brown-silk dress that represents, in both cut and color, quite a concession to European taste. This lady's feather-turban is not quite in harmony with her rather venturesome gown. A little lad, clothed in bright red with a blue armless jacket, crawls up into the President's lap. Then his curiosity causes him to run out toward the stage, to get a closer look at Mei Lan Fang. Two other little Chinese children, grandsons of the President, follow him. This incident lends a touch of domestic simplicity to the whole affair.

Another interval follows. There is some light, timid applause; the foreign guests are evidently uncertain whether or not it is quite good form. Here, where but a few years ago the warrior courtiers of the Manchu Emperor sat with bronze, masklike faces in the glory of an Oriental court, where servile attendants approached the Dragon Throne upon their knees, with foreheads touching the earth, this domestic simplicity does not yet seem in place. I hope it may become so; but just now, from one end of China to the other, new Genghis Khans are rising daily, each threatening to overthrow by force this modern and still unacclimated Government. The accompaniment to the plays they would give would not be the soft music of Mei Lan Fang, but the brazen blaring of army trumpets.

As we leave, the guards outside salute us. Lighted ice-sledges bear us across the lake. Electric bulbs sparkle everywhere. It seems like a fairy scene, infinitely remote from the care-burdened everyday existence that weighs so heavily on this mighty nation now.

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GENGHIS KHAN, THE 'SCHIEBER'

A TALE OF BERLIN'S UNDERWORLD

[*Berlin harbors a numerous colony of Russian refugees, possessing their own press, theatres, and clubs, one aspect of whose life in exile is here described.* Schieber *is German war-slang for a profiteering illicit trader.*]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, March 22*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

A combination of gnawing envy and subdued anger hovered over the haggard countenance of the younger man, while good-humored contentment with the world radiated from the chubby cheeks of his companion. Max Weisse, a radical young school-teacher recently transferred from the country to Berlin, regarded Trotskiĭ and Lenin as the polestars of his existence, and a Communist terror as the only salvation of mankind. Anton Behnisch, his friend, was proprietor of a delicatessen shop. He took an ultracomfortable view of life. Pyramids of human skulls had no attraction for him, but pyramids of buns and pastries moved him to ecstasy.

A haze of cigarette smoke filled the café. A murmur of good-humored conversation, broken now and then by peals of jovial laughter, surrounded them. Everybody was chattering and drinking. An orchestra played 'The Village Swallows from Austria,' by Strauss. Life circulated about them tranquilly and comfortably, like the strains of this waltz.

Weisse, at the end of a moment's reverie, snarled scornfully: 'Just see this gang of people swilling and gorging half the night! Over at that table they're drinking their third silver fizz, at twenty marks a glass! And that yellow-haired girl there is swallowing cakes as fast as she can stuff them into her mouth!'

'But Max! The girl may be hungry,' objected the latter's companion, turning uncomfortably half around in his chair and obviously irritated by his friend's mood.

Max Weisse and Behnisch were tried friends; for they had been comrades in Russia many years, having been captured and interned there early in the war, and released at the same time.

But the bilious-tempered teacher grumbled on: 'Genghis Khan! We need a Genghis Khan to cut off the heads of these people! We need a man to set up a bloody tribunal among these swamp flowers of capitalism! Before we can have a new society we must wipe out all this that we see about us — cut it down and plow it under — not leave one stone upon another!'

He was in a mood to dwell on his pet historical parallel, which he had already discussed in a learned monograph. This was that Lenin and Trotskiĭ were historically reincarnations of Timur and Genghis Khan, entrusted with the mission of pointing out to mankind, with their bloody swords, the way it must pursue.

A few minutes later, when the whole company joined the chorus of the popular dance-song the orchestra had just started, he said impatiently to his friend: 'Come! These folks get on my nerves! They are so utterly oblivious to the great problems of the time, to the

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great tasks that are before us. And these women! Br-r-r-r!'

'*Herrgott!* You can't expect these girls to pull a long face like yourself!' Behnisch looked at his watch impatiently. 'If it was n't already twelve o'clock I'd take you over to the *Künstlercafé* on Nürnberger Platz. There you could talk with my friend Sasdenov.'

'Who? What 's his name?'

'Sasdenov, Nikolai Sasdenov. An acquaintance of mine, an interesting chap.'

'A Russian?'

'What else? He has a job as a draftsman in an art store over in the western part of the city. But his real interest is in other things. I did him a favor when he first came, before he knew a word of German. He had a dispute with his landlord, and I helped him out with my Russian.'

'What do you mean by "other things"?'

'So, so! Bolshevism, anarchism, who knows? All these Russian emigrants, thick as midsummer flies out there in Charlottenburg, are a book with seven seals for us, you know.'

'You! Could you —?'

'Introduce you to him? Sure! Would you be interested? But it's too late to-night.'

At his first opportunity Max Weisse dropped in of an afternoon at the café on Nürnberger Platz. He found a big table occupied by Russians, with whom his friend frequently associated. His great expectations were completely fulfilled. Even here in Berlin, sunk as the city was in carnal pleasures, this little group had taken root and was burning incense to the Moscow idea of world salvation.

Nikolai Sasdenov was a man of demonic temperament. You could see it by his hair and by the way that he rolled cigarettes in his pocket. His hair was brushed far back from his forehead, and a heavy black moustache covered his upper lip. His pale countenance was never at rest, on account of the nervous contraction that mirrored the perpetual struggle within his soul. Always very reserved at first, he would stare silently at his glass for half an hour, or follow up his beer with six or seven cognacs. After that the spirit began to move him. He never revealed his plans or intentions; but after eight o'clock at night his eloquence was inexhaustible. Then he let loose with all his wealth of fiery satire and sparkling invective against the sordid bourgeoisie, against Entente capitalism, against the enslavement of Russia. Listening to him you became convinced that any man with a bank account ought to be hung by a curtain cord. All the misfortunes of the world were due to private capital. According to his own account, Sasdenov had been secretary to one of the great Cadet leaders in Russia, and forced to leave the country during the early days of the Revolution. Since then he had been marooned in Germany.

Behnisch cautioned his friend privately, before he introduced Sasdenov to him: 'The fellow is lying. The truth is he is something very different.'

Weisse looked up inquiringly.

'A Bolshevist spy, one of the army of them here in Berlin. His business is to listen to what others say and to let Moscow know who are the weaklings, the backsliders, and the traitors. His fashion of talking is merely to draw them out and get them to contradict him. If any of them disputes what he says — unlucky for him!' And Behnisch concluded his enlightening remarks with a significant gesture.

Weisse, who felt goose flesh creeping up his back, stammered: 'Mighty interesting! What a mysterious world is hidden in our foreign colony here at Berlin!'

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Sasdenov had one peculiarity that all his acquaintances knew and rather respected him for; wherever he was, he would spring up suddenly, shortly before eleven o'clock in the evening, and vanish. If anyone unfamiliar with this habit tried to detain him, he had but a single answer and excuse: 'I still have work on hand!' He never explained what the work was, nor where he went. Even Behnisch, who had lodgings in the same house with Sasdenov, shrugged his shoulders and declared he had not the slightest suspicion.

Weisse imagined he had discovered the solution. 'It's then he goes away and in the privacy of the night writes reports to his revolutionary committee! Possibly condemns someone to death! Or else he prints a Communist paper, which is secretly distributed by propagandists. He's laying mines under this rotten world. Genghis Khan no longer uses the sword, but the printing press.' Thus Weisse summed up his opinion of Sasdenov's mysterious night labors. Sasdenov was a man of remarkable energy and industry. You could see it in his eyes, his hair, and his flaming revolutionary eloquence.

Gradually Weisse became more or less intimate with the strange Russian world that had nested in the western section of Berlin. He grew familiar with the inviting armchairs, black sofas, and snug corners of the numerous little bars between Kurfürstendamm and the old West Quarter. In these places the emigrants would sit and discuss their plans, in which only they had faith. He visited a little theatre where the actors sang Russian songs on a stage fairly shrieking with the sharp contrast of its brightly colored decorations; where peasant girls in red and white costumes and headcloths danced and recited; and where the refugees cheered and sobbed out their homesickness on each other's shoulders.

He visited the restaurants on the second floor of these bars and of the theatre, where one could obtain every conceivable Russian delicacy, appetizing *Sakuska*, fresh Russian pastry, and candied fruits; where beneath the table one saw iced bottles with gold around the cork, and upon the table hundred-mark notes carelessly left about. For some of these Russians always had money; most of them had it now and then; and whenever there was money they entertained each other. Then there was a high time with whiskey, wine, philosophy, and plans to mend the cursed situation in Russia. But no one knew precisely how to accomplish the last all-important object. Meanwhile they drank schnapps. They were all partisans of schnapps, whether idealists or reactionaries, Communists or spies, bravoes or comedians; the whole mad crowd that had poured out of the East and halted on the humdrum banks of the Spree, with their Slavic passions and enthusiasm, their Slavic intensity of life, their Slavic megalomania, was all for schnapps.

Olga, Sasdenov's lady friend, would shake her black locks in the Pelican Café, after drinking her fifth *allasch*, and lament: 'Oh, it would be beautiful in Germany if the Germans were only different! They are so incredulous! They will not believe what we Russians tell them, and very often are surly!' Olga was a great partisan of allasch. Ten glasses of allasch in an evening were nothing for her. After her tenth she would quote Wundt's *Outlines of Psychology*.

Max Weisse became acquainted with Olga at the café in Nürnberger Platz. She made a deep impression upon him. Tall, slender, with almond-shaped black eyes and jet-black hair, her heart beat as ardently for the revolutionary liberation of mankind as his own, and she professed the same principles as

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Sasdenov. But she confessed frankly that she had tired of her long exile and that her heart yearned for dear old Russia. During the daytime she was compelled to perform the menial duty of a copyist in a foreign consulate. Evenings, she said, she studied philosophy and the modern languages. That seemed very likely; for she always left early and no one except Sasdenov had ever called at her place of residence.

Weisse confided to his friend Behnisch: 'What I admire so much in these Russians is their idealism! What aspirations, what longing, what yearning for culture! Work hard every day and then study evenings! That girl there is highly gifted!'

'Yes, yes — they are gifted,' said Behnisch, in an ambiguous voice. Then he suddenly added: 'See here, you're not paying her café checks, are you?'

Weisse blushed. 'What? How? What do you mean? Oh, no — just a few times when she had n't any money; and Sasdenov did n't have any either! On these occasions I paid for both.'

'Well — if that 's all!'

'That girl has so much serious purpose, she 's so genuine!' said Max, diverging from the main subject.

One evening something really serious happened. Olga appeared, with tears in her eyes, and drawing Weisse into a retired corner of the Pelican Café, said: 'I'm tired of this life. I'm going to end it all! I can't endure this life with Nikolai!'

'For God's sake, don't make a scene! Don't do anything rash! You 've been out of sorts lately. What's the trouble with him?'

'He abuses me, he beats me, and calls me an office owl, a lazy *studentin*. And all that because I can't give him the money he needs so badly. I have none of my own!'

'What does he need money for?'

Olga's voice sank. Nikolai had received an order from the society he was representing in Russia to return home and to render an account of certain money entrusted to him. He no longer had the money. He had used it in the service of the Cause. He did not even have traveling money. But he must get away at once. If he hesitated it would arouse suspicion. Suspicion among his people meant peril to his life. 'Oh, if I had only left him long ago! He's a hard, unfeeling man; but he's fearfully energetic and violent. I'm afraid of him. I need someone who has a soul to look after me!' She wrung her white hands. 'You have an understanding heart! I trust you!'

Weisse's blood ran cold. 'How much money does Nikolai need?'

After a moment's hesitation Olga said: 'About eighteen hundred marks. And he must have a passport; his old one has expired. Yes, if I could get away from him, I would never fall into his clutches again! Some day he'll murder me, that 's sure!'

'I'll get you the eighteen hundred marks!'

'You are a noble soul! My savior! I knew it! I'll get free from him yet! And when I'm free —' and her eyes spoke volumes to ardent, trusting Max.

Two days later she received the eighteen hundred marks. Max Weisse borrowed it for her from a friend. He also got her a passport. He would do anything for Olga. She had aroused all the passion, emotional and political, of which his heart was capable. Was it not his duty to rescue her? Genghis Khan might find his life-mission back in Russia; that was, after all, the best place for him.

Olga wrote Max a tender note upon receiving the money. She would wait until Sasdenov left before thanking him personally. She now knew that she and Max were soul affinities.

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This letter upset him completely. He hunted up Behnisch in order to pour his passion for Olga and everything Russian into the latter's commonplace bourgeois ears. Seated in a wine shop on Kurfürstendamm they drank to cordial friendship with the Slavs. Weisse accompanied Behnisch late that evening to the latter's residence, in a palatial apartment on one of the broad avenues of Wilmersdorf.

'Look! For Heaven's sake, what's going on?' It was after 3 A.M., but a great crowd had collected in front of the house. Before the door stood a huge truck with shabby leather seats and the insignia of the Berlin Police Department. Security Police in green uniforms and caps and gray cloaks stood on guard. A crowd of people was coming out of the house — gentlemen in good coats, and ladies in white wraps and furs. Most of them hung back; a few laughed and put a good face on the matter.

'Get in there, get in there, gentlemen and ladies! You will all have to go to police headquarters! The fare costs nothing!' said a big officer, standing at the truck. His companions grinned.

Behnisch elbowed his way into the crowd to inquire of a policeman: 'What 's the trouble?'

'We've just raided a night den here. Champagne at four hundred marks the bottle, and a lot of men and women playing the devil.'

'Where was it?'

'Oh, on the courtyard side, in the apartment of a Russian!'

'The apartment of a Russian?' Weisse stammered weakly. He had an evil foreboding.

'Yes, the Russian is running the place; the others are taken merely as witnesses. The fellow proves to be an important *Schieber*. In the back room we found a lot of rugs and forbidden goods, with forged invoices and all the other apparatus.'

Behnisch exclaimed with astonishment: 'Sasdenov! It must be! Can it be Sasdenov?'

Weisse felt as though the ground were sinking under him. For just then there appeared in the doorway, accompanied by two policemen who were to escort him to Alexanderplatz, his wild revolutionist, his Genghis Khan; but this time in an elegant walking-coat, the proprietor of the disorderly house where champagne was sold at four hundred marks the bottle and there was illegal dancing. And the dancer — his head fairly swam, for she appeared in a long brown mantle. It was his Olga, the philosopher! That is why the two disappeared so promptly at a fixed hour every evening!

As soon as the two got a glimpse of Max they burst out laughing. Nikolai shouted: 'Brother, I have been exterminating the bourgeoisie by robbing them of their wealth. Your eighteen hundred marks unfortunately came too late. I was going to get another lot of goods across the border. But it does n't matter ! It all reaches the great coöperative treasury!'

Olga threw a kiss to her admirer, and shouted: '*Auf Wiedersehen*, golden dream! I'll call again when I'm free! You're a dear!'

A gruff policeman promptly silenced them. 'Step lively there! None of your nonsense! Get in!' And the police truck with its passengers rumbled into the darkness.

Behnisch said musingly: 'Better come up and have a cup of coffee. We need it.'

Weisse nodded silently. In Behnisch's apartment he sank into an easy-chair without speaking a word. His money was gone, and so were his illusions. There were no longer such things as ideals. Genghis Khan was a Schieber.

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The inspiring girl who quoted Wundt's Psychology was a muscle-dancer.

'So you see,' said Behnisch, thoughtfully, as the coffee pot began to boil with a comfortable murmur, 'that's what you find among these foreign emigrants. Some resist temptation and stick it out honestly, doing penance for their own past faults and the faults of others. And many who were honest at home go to the devil here, because they must. We hit upon a couple of the latter. But these Russians are gifted — they are a highly gifted race!'

HOW THE OTHER HALF OF TOKYO LIVES

[*Japanese students have a slang term,* Mokuchin Hotel, *an absurd Chinafied pronunciation of* kichin, — *meaning a cheap wooden building,* — *to designate a city lodging-house. This account of a night in such an institution appears in* Jisseikatsu (Real Life) *in the form of a letter from one student to another.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, March* 12
(Tokyo American Daily)

Dear U——,

I have been there at last. You will laugh at me for my eccentric adventure to a Mokuchin Hotel in these cold days. But I wanted a fresh experience to break the tedium. Anyhow, my visit was full of interest. You should have shared the adventure. K—— went with me, disguised as a laborer out of work. I dressed myself in my oldest and worst clothes. I darkened my face with toilet cream mixed with ashes. Thus our disguises were made and we went out.

The landlady of my lodging-house was surprised to see me in such strange get-up and said humorously, 'Don't bring back bedbugs.' We got in a street car. Nobody took notice of us. I thought, Tokyo is Tokyo after all. Even the policeman was indifferent to the two poorly dressed laborers. It was rather disappointing to us.

At the Oiwake stop we got out. Now we needed to screw up our courage before going further, so we looked for a low-class drinking-place. Shinjuku prostitute quarters were very desolate at this hour — about eight in the evening — after the great fire. We walked through the place before we found a hotchpotch stall. Glasses of Osaka whiskey and bottles of sake were arrayed before us.

'Not so good. But I get 12 or 13 yen every evening these days,' the old man of the stall replied to my question as to how business went on with him.

'Thirteen yen? That 's excellent, is n't it?'

'But the profits are small. To sell much I must sell very cheap.'

'Is that so? By the way, we are out of a job at present and are thinking to start an eating-stall. Can you advise us?'

'You have only to bring your things and ask the taskmaker. He will notify the police for you. You pay 2 sen for the street sweeper and 7 sen for a lamp of five candle power each night. That 's all.' His advice to a novice was

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very instructive, I thought. A tall laborer came in just then. I found him to be a Tokyo man by his way of talking.

'Give me 10 sen change. I 'll take 40-sen worth,' he said, handing the man a 50-sen note. There seems to be such a queer way of buying to prevent excess charge. We got into conversation very soon. He was boss of about twenty municipal laborers, he said, and got 130 yen a month. He could save about 50 yen monthly, as he lived in rent free.

'Hundred and thirty yen. H'm! That means 4 yen a day. Good wage, is n't it?'

'Well, but I must include various commissions in it.' He said he meant to start a bicycle shop, after laying up enough money.

'Now, don't you think it is very wicked for municipal members to eat up land and gas?'

'Not a bit, they are smart fellows,' he replied in an unconcerned manner.

Slightly flushed by liquor, we came out of the stall and walked in search of the 'hotel.' A short walk brought us to Asahi-cho poor quarters, where there are many Mokuchin Hotels. It was already past twelve. Along the poor and dimly lit street we saw square, lighted signs here and there. We dropped into one of the houses and asked, 'Any room vacant?'

'None,' was the harsh reply. We had to call at several more. We came to the house where we eventually stayed and we again asked, 'Can we stay here for the night?'

'Yes, but — ' They began to look at us watchfully.

'How much?'

'Fifty sen to one yen.'

'Can 't you make it a little cheaper?'

'No.'

They talked about the new mats and new building. Finally, however, we decided to stay there for 75 sen per night. We then put our temporary names on the book and went into an eight-mat room. While walking along the passage I noticed it was full of rubbish — fireboxes placed carelessly and shirts hanging to dry. Doors were kept open — perhaps they are never closed except in rainy weather. But I found the night things were unexpectedly clean and comfortable, enough to give anyone a peaceful rest. We were rather disappointed at this, as we had expected to fight with bedbugs all the night through.

Well, it was first-rate in those poor people's inns. We regretted that we could not say anything more sensational. We went to sleep soon after. At midnight the clap-clap of the night-watchman was heard. I felt a bitter cold wind on my face. I heard a child cry below, dogs bark, and trains creak in the distance.

Again came a silence, and I heard a clock strike six. I wondered if it could be six already, when another clock struck five. I was surprised again to hear a third clock strike seven. It is very strange. Clocks are not necessaries, but ornaments here.

Suddenly a fire bell rang. 'Fire!' With this I sprang up to the passage. But I did not know where it was after all. I was the only one who stirred at the alarm. Feeling very chilly, I hastened back to my bed to sleep a little more. But the whispering voices from next door disturbed me. They seemed to be man and wife.

'What 's the matter with . . .?'

'He is staying here.'

'That 's awful . . .'

The man was frightened, it seemed. But I heard no more. Morning was nearing.

'Mamma, I want to . . .' A girl called mother for something.

In the meantime the shrieking of a monkey was heard, and I knew that a

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monkey-leader must have stayed near us.

'Don't worry,' the landlady said last night, over the 50-sen note which I wanted to give her as a tip. But the effect of it brought a *hibachi* and tea for us in the morning.

'Come again. If you don't mind a small room, we can keep you both for 15 yen a month,' she cried after us.

A hearty breakfast cost us 56 sen only, but it was very good. Thus our first adventure, such as it is, in a Mokuchin Hotel was finished.

Your friend,

S. K.

AN UNABASHED VICTORIAN

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

From the *Times, April 7*
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

I WOULD say a word on behalf of the Victorians, whom humorous young Georgians believe to have been given over to all that was ugly and banal. Now there is not, there never was, any Victorian type, as having a common character of its own, either in literature or in art, in habits or in manners. The sixty-four years of Victoria's reign form a period of continued growth, of new ideas, of intense vitality and change, of attempts to realize new forms of intellectual and social evolution.

As a very old man who has lived through it all, and well into this wondrous twentieth century, I can recall a variety of efforts during the nineteenth century to set up new modes of life. Each succeeding generation, almost each decade, had its own ideal or style; and no one of them was quite old-fashioned or vulgar. The view that the Victorian type was conventional and dull, and that the new Georgian type is so spiritual, strikes us veterans as a droll bit of conceit. We do not look back on the Victorian time as a great age of refinement or of art. But is the present so great an age either of beauty or of manners?

I am an unprejudiced witness, for I have lived in four reigns, and only just missed five. I remember the time of William IV, and a very bad time it was, inherited from the Regent and his vulgarities. The advent of the young Queen caused an immediate hush in these satyric gambols; and when Prince Albert became Master of the Ceremonies the whole tone of society improved. Much of the modern jesting about Victorian prudery is concealed impatience of a moral reformation after an evil time. No one dares to charge with prudery the Court of to-day, though its sense of decency and honor is far more practical and effective than anything attempted by Victoria and Albert.

Complaints of Queen Victoria's conventional stiffness may be narrowed down to this: that she idolized her husband, who as a man really was virtuous, able, and earnest. It would have been

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better if she had given less attention to politics and more attention to society. But her conjugal devotion is not so unworthy a character for a woman — or one at which bounders and hoydens are entitled to jeer.

At the close of the eighteenth century, when Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and their set were gone, — and with them the pupils and imitators of Wren and his school, — when Horace Walpole, Burke, and Johnson had left no adequate successors, then Prince George entered on his reign of vice, vile taste, and vulgarity. One of the worst periods of our social history ensued and it more or less degraded manners for the first forty years of the nineteenth century. But when Albert began to have public influence and Peel recognized his merits, a new epoch rose.

No doubt we have long thrown off the artistic ideas in which Albert was bred in Germany and which he labored to naturalize in England; but we cannot forget that at least he led the way to seek better ideals both in industry and in art. From the first of the many Royal Commissions, of which he was by no means the mere figurehead, there grew up a succession of schools, movements, and thinkers who were trying new lines of grace, culture, and thought. Were Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Arnold, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Millais high priests of the conventional and the old-fashioned? And when Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris were not the prophets they had been in their own day, were Swinburne, Browning, and Hardy such slaves of the antiquated forms?

If anyone was truly Victorian it was Tennyson; and if we do not now claim for him all that the Victorians offered at his shrine, no one calls him a formalist or a vulgarian. It is true that we do not now admire the Houses of Parliament, or the Albert Memorial, or the Crystal Palace as triumphs of Victorian art; but it is not easy to name any new Georgian buildings which are so plainly superior — not even the great Waterloo Terminus. I remember the completion of the British Museum façade, and I doubt if the new County Council Hall will put it to shame.

From 1840 to 1901 there was a succession of schools in all the arts of form, in music, and in letters. So far from forming one school, they repudiated each other and claimed to be founding a new style. Pugins, Barrys, Smirkes, Paxtons, Scotts, Streets, Jacksons, Webbs followed each other, but in time, not in style: so did Turners, Ettys, Mulreadys, Maclises, Millaises, Leightons; Dickenses, Thackerays, Brontës, Trollopes, G. Eliots, Hardys, Barries, Sullivans. Who can find any common denominator, any Victorian stamp, any kind of uniformity in all these? Surely it would be hard to show in our history any period of two successive generations in which there was so little uniformity, in which there were so many efforts to break out into new lines and to try a new life. It must be admitted that the twenty-odd years since the death of Victoria have had inventions of their own. They discovered jazz music, *vers libre*, cinema shows, the fourth dimension of the universe, cubism, and the New Woman.

Young persons imagine utterly vain things about 'Early Victorian' dress, manners, habits, and furniture — such as stiff horsehair settees, 'antimacassars,' queer mahogany tables and sideboards, men's pantaloons or peg-top trousers, cravats, and stuck-up collars, shirt frills, formal compliments and solemn toasts, dinners at 5 P.M., and 'routs' with lemonade at 9 P.M. I can assure them that they have picked up all this from their Dickens and Thackeray and other humorists, who were really describing manners of the Re-

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gency time, or from the caricatures of Gillray, Rowlandson, and George Cruikshank, from early *Punch* numbers of the forties, or from illustrations of the serials of the time. They take the pictures of humorists and caricaturists as if they were realist representations of current habits and dress. Caricatures — by their name — profess to be exaggeration of actual things and styles; they find their fun in the survival of old-fashioned habits. Thus the gay youth of to-day draw their ideas about their grandfathers and their grandmothers from 'Boz' and 'Phiz,' who were attributing to 1840 what belonged, if to any, to 1820.

Now I remember the forties and the fifties perfectly. I lived in London and in the country in various home counties, in a busy professional and business society, and I never saw these queer things. The habits of the upper middle classes have not varied greatly in all this time. The material and moral changes have been immense; but social life has retained its external form. The dress of men, at least in ordinary life, has hardly changed in seventy years. Of course, the dress of women varies from season to season. But there never was any type of the Victorian lady. Perhaps, in 1972, young persons will imagine that ladies in the Court of King George V wore the costumes to be seen in the *Punch* cartoons and the milliners' models of to-day! As to styles of furniture, ornaments, house decoration, and the like, I can recall in some eighty years at least half a dozen — but none of them that which is conventionally known as 'Early Victorian.' The young Georgian attributes to Victorians what was partly true of pre-Victorian times. My witness is that down from the marriage of Queen Victoria and the Reform Age of the forties there came a world entirely different from that of the Regent and his crew — but it had no definite continuous character of its own.

NIGHT CROSSING

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

THE gulfs are deep; the rollers heave; loud laugh the speeding shafts that cleave
As though the sea were make-believe and thrown to chaos back again,
And out of chaos they would draw a tamer time, a calmer law,
And leave the sea nor fang nor claw to leap from out the wrack again.
The ship's a caravan whose team is driven by the lash of steam
To keep the road and ford the stream and leave the rollers far behind.
The whip is cracked, the stable door is open. But a moment more
And Calais is a star before, and Dover is a star behind.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

VIOLETS

[*Saturday Review*]

When violets blow in woodland ways
I think of all the night that 's past,
The swollen streams, the cheerless days,
The drifting sleet, the biting blast.
I greet the fragrant April rain
That turns the brown world green again;
I think of winter's vanished snow,
When violets blow.

When violets spring 'neath changing skies,
And hang their frail heads, newly born,
The glories of the year arise,
The full-blown rose, the yellow corn.
I see the green leaf and the sear,
The changing pageant of the year;
I think of all that June will bring,
When violets spring.

When violets glow by babbling streams
I sigh for all my wasted years,
For vanished hopes and empty dreams
Extinguished in the night of tears.
I mourn for love that went astray,
For lives that missed the golden way,
For laughing girls dead long ago,
Long years ago.

When violets fade and pass away
I think of all the squandered rhymes,
The honeyed grief, the artless lay
Of singers in Victorian times.
I think of all the hours misspent
In search of sugared sentiment,
Forgotten now, expunged, erased —
The Lord be praised!

NATURE AND ART

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

[*Form*]

The thrush, to the high branch flown,
Careless of toil or art,
Pours through the yellow evening his happy heart
To a god unsought, unknown.

But we, with the breath of dream
Filling the pipe, and touching the stops with fingers of thought,
Into fair and intricate tunes have caught
God to be caged awhile among things that seem.

'VULTURE PLUMAGE'

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

[*Manchester Guardian*]

['Model hats from Paris show an abundance of bird trimmings, sometimes whole birds, sometimes just the wings, and what is known as vulture plumage is promised a great vogue.' — Evening Paper.]

The sheen, the bright bloom of the wing'
The rapture, the grace
Of flight and of song and of spring —
Dead to prink some girl's face.

Fair women, white-handed, speak words
With delicate breath:
'How pretty, how pretty are birds!' —
And still woods echo death.

Even so: this wild beauty that sings
To the glory of God
Shall become a cold huddle of wings,
A feathery clod —

'*Vulture plumage?*' A Daniel indeed
Comes to judgment to-day
On these wearers of ravening greed,
These women of prey!

SPRING

BY M. M. JOHNSON

[*New Witness*]

Soft falls the sunlight! Spring returns,
Now tender ferns in woods unfold:
Now violets lift their scented hoods;
Now blue and gold the crocus burns.
Calls Bluetit now the trees among
His thin, sweet song — his thin, sweet song:
Soft falls the sunlight, pale and clear,
Now Spring awakens, Spring is here.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ENGLISH OPINIONS OF AMERICAN POETRY

It is a curious fact that four books on modern American poetry have been published in England within a few months, while only one book on modern English poetry has appeared during the same time — and that merely the manifesto of an extremist. Does this mean that interest in American poetry is at the boiling point in the tight little island? One hardly gathers such an impression from the comment of the reviewers, in spite of the interest aroused by Mr. Vachel Lindsay's recent visit; but whatever the motives for their publication, the four books have at least stirred British critics to a number of comments that give Americans a peep at their own poets and their own critics in an interesting perspective.

The American books are in themselves a sufficiently catholic assemblage — the writings of two poets and two Harvard professors: Mr. Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry;* Miss Amy Lowell's *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry;* Professor Bliss Perry's *Study of Poetry;* and Professor John L. Lowes's *Convention and Revolt in Poetry.*

Comments on Mr. Untermeyer's anthology show that perhaps the most friendless poet abroad is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom most Americans would rank very high among the singers of our day; and certainly the most popular is Mr. Vachel Lindsay, whose immense, surging rhythms, and whose vigorous originality, bordering sometimes almost on the uncouth, are the last qualities in the world one would expect to appeal to such sedate gentry as the English critics. Mr. Robinson is much criticized. One of his few friends is Mr. John Drinkwater, who in a lecture before the Royal Society of Literature not long ago ranked him among the six greatest poets writing today and complained bitterly of the way in which England has neglected him, for not one of his books has so far appeared in an English edition.

The *Bookman* also has a friendly word to say, and the *Observer* remarks that 'Robinson and Frost in a traditional, Vachel Lindsay in an original, way are by far the best of the poets here assembled.' But the other critics whet their knives and gleefully fall to. *The Nation and the Athenæum* calls Mr. Robinson duller than Wordsworth at his very dullest — a truly extraordinary verdict, which drew an indignant protest from Mr. John Gould Fletcher; and the *Westminster Gazette* follows up this singular line of thought by dubbing him 'an industrious and rather dull follower of Wordsworth.' The *New Statesman,* in reviewing Mr. Untermeyer's book, complains of 'the tedious solemnity of Markham and E. A. Robinson,' and returns to the charge in its review of Miss Lowell's book with this exceedingly faint praise: 'Even Mr. E. A. Robinson might be praised by a critic divinely charitable.'

Do critical tendencies swing back and forth like a pendulum? In the early nineteenth century an innovator like Keats was ruthlessly criticized, though of course the 'snuffed out by an article' canard has long been exploded. Now, at the opening of the twentieth century, the critics fall ruthlessly upon Mr. Robinson, who is developing the older traditions very beautifully, but who can hardly pass for a radical or an innovator in these extremist days; and they join in a chorus of praise for Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who never in his life wrote a line that was not an innovation.

It is difficult to account on any other

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basis for Mr. Lindsay's popularity, unless we suppose it is due to his sheer merit, which is altogether too flattering to the critics. Years ago, when Joaquin Miller, 'The Poet of the Sierras,' made his picturesque entrance into London literary circles, he was everywhere fêted as a representative figure in American literature! Now Miller was something less than a minor poet, and if we except his Japanese disciple, Yone Noguchi, nobody either writes or thinks about him to-day. Even at that time he occupied a place in American estimation nowhere approaching that which Mr. Lindsay has so justly won. But he was a picturesque, rough figure, with slouching sombrero, flowing hair, and red handkerchief — fitting exactly the nineteenth-century Englishman's idea of a Yankee. 'How very American!' exclaimed the critics, properly impressed, and proceeded to worship.

Perhaps much the same sort of thing has happened in the puzzling case of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Robinson. Both write good poetry in very different ways. Only one has gained an appreciable amount of applause in England; and just as in Miller's case, it is the daringly original, utterly unconventional American poet who has received the plaudits. Like W. H. Davies, whose poetry his own so little resembles, Mr. Lindsay is, or was, a 'tramp poet,' though at best he was never more than an amateur tramp; and according to the London *Bookman*, he has lately expressed a desire 'to escape forever the reciting and chanting Vachel' of his earlier days, when he crossed the United States, paying with his poems for the hospitality he received, like any mediæval gleeman. Once again the English have preferred a poet of whom they can say, 'How American!' rather than a poet whose merit is equal but follows more conventional lines.

Of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Lindsay was received there can be no doubt. 'If we exclude Mr. Ezra Pound, "H. D.," and the Imagists, whose interest is not primarily or purely poetic, no American poet can be compared to Mr. Lindsay for originality, force, or individual distinction,' says the *Bookman*, roundly. The *Observer* couples Mr. Frost and Mr. Robinson with Mr. Lindsay as 'the best of the poets here assembled,' it is true; but then the *Observer's* critic, Mr. J. C. Squire, is just home from America and may have gained something of the American viewpoint in his travels. The *Saturday Review* finds Mr. Lindsay the only individual voice in America. The *Review of Reviews* thinks that 'Vachel Lindsay's chants are wonderful, but they suggest shouting rather than singing,' and the *Bookman* praises his poems 'The Daniel Jazz,' and 'General William Booth.'

That the more radical poets receive favorable welcome in England is shown by the favor accorded 'H. D.' (Mrs. Richard Aldington, née Hilda Doolittle), who is Imagist of the Imagists and *vers librist* of the *vers librists*. In spite of her London residence, 'H. D.' is American-born and is regarded as an American by the critics of England, France, and the United States. The *New Statesman*, which so bitterly lashes the unfortunate Mr. Robinson, finds that '"H. D." has a profound sense of the mystery and emotion in natural beauty.' The *Saturday Review*, however, — which casually emits such a startling dictum as 'we are therefore justified in taking Miss Doolittle as representative of the newest American poetry,' — ridicules her 'Oread,' which was being much debated in America a few years ago, and asserts that 'the inferiority of such outbursts of impressionism is excessively easy. Every wag can write parodies of such poems which are just as good as the original.'

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This is not quite true — at least it gives a false impression. One who does not like 'H. D.'s' poetry would doubtless find the parodies just as *good* as the original; but anyone who has studied her technique understands that the parody would not really be *like* the original unless the parodist were willing to spend some time in the study of a new sort of prosody. '*De gustibus non est disputandum*,' even though critics get their living by just such disputation.

Neither Mr. Carl Sandburg nor 'H. D.' fares quite so well at the reviewers' hands as Mr. Lindsay. The *Review of Reviews*, to be sure, avers that Mr. Sandburg's 'amazing impressions of Chicago' are making history, and the *Observer* — again Mr. Squire — thinks that 'no one can fail to be moved' by his 'experiments in the loose forms popularized by Whitman.' But the *New Statesman*, though it lauds Mr. Lindsay and 'H. D.,' cannot quite stomach Mr. Sandburg. Again its critic takes refuge in faint praise, when in reviewing Miss Lowell's book he can find nothing better to say than that 'Mr. Sandburg sometimes overtops mere crudity,' and in reviewing Mr. Untermeyer's anthology can only add that Mr. Sandburg has 'achieved a few good things where a poetic sensitiveness survives the crushing effect of much American journalism.' The *Saturday Review* is at least downright in its likes and dislikes; its critic finds that the American poet makes up 'for a lack of limpidity and music by sheer brutality,' or 'with a total bankruptcy of metre.' But then, the *Saturday Review* is conservative, which Mr. Sandburg emphatically is n't.

Other American poets receive equally diverse criticisms. Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Ernst Filsinger), according to the *Bookman*, 'might easily have been one of the English Georgians.' (This is apparently intended to be praise.) Mr. John Gould Fletcher is another radical whom the *New Statesman* approves: 'Mr. Fletcher is fertile and ingenious.' The *Bookman* thinks that he is 'developing strongly,' and adds that 'his poetry has a sweeping movement like tide before a storm' — which is intelligible enough in view of some of the poems in *Irradiations*. The *Spectator* thinks that 'the glamour of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's admirable and striking journalism in the *Spoon River Anthology* has a little worn off.' When the *Domesday Book* appeared, Mr. J. C. Squire went to all the trouble of parodying it — an art for which he is famous — and then asked bluntly and unkindly: 'Who in the world persuaded him he could write verse?'

The *New Statesman* delivers quite the most unkindest cut in criticizing Miss Amy Lowell: 'Miss Lowell meant well'; but this refers only to her critical work, and the critic 'with certain reservations' accords her, as a poet, 'talent joined with personality.' *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, however, remains a book that this critic cannot abide, for he calls it 'a bad book which will not aid either good taste or good manners.' The *Westminster Gazette* says of Miss Lowell in her capacity as a poet that 'her own natural tendency is to a flamboyant rhetorical craftsmanship, fuller of color than of meaning, yet by no means without feeling and a certain sensibility which at times almost passes into sensitiveness.' But this same writer compares the Imagists as a school to the Euphuists of Elizabethan England.

The English reviewers have lurking doubts of the genuineness of America's achievement in poetry. 'Whitman proclaimed American in line after line of him; these poets would almost seem to disclaim her,' says 'C. P.' in the *Manchester Guardian*.

The *Saturday Review's* anonymous

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critic, after reading Mr. Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry*, finds that

> the general effect of the hundred poets chosen to represent ninety years of American culture is decidedly disappointing. Not merely have Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy done better during the same period, but half a dozen smaller European countries have produced much more striking talents. . . .

The American critics emerge from the critical ordeal far better than the American poets. Indeed, a British poet writing about an American critic is far more merciful than a British critic writing about an American poet. Mr. John Freeman, himself a poet, seems to lack that hostility to professors which has become a convention among some American writers. Writing in the *London Mercury*, he finds Professor Perry's *Study of Poetry* 'most readable and illuminating.' The *Spectator* finds him 'sound rather than inspired,' but the *Times Literary Supplement* in a long review declares that Professor Perry

> can and does make the path to poetical experience as clear as logic can, by explaining with great accuracy and perspicuity the physical processes which result in poetry, and the physical effects at which the technique of poetry aims.

The *Times* reviewer quotes a sentence in which Professor Perry condemns the Imagists because 'they bid us be all eyes, no mind; all sense, no thought.' Against 'this bland damnation' Mr. Richard Aldington, one of the English Imagists, has entered fiery protest, declaring, in a letter to the editor, that 'this is none of it true.' Mr. Aldington essays to prove his point by quoting a poem, — his own work, — explaining that he was forced to take one of his own, 'because I should be violating other people's copyright if I quoted from "H. D." or any other *vers libre* poet I approve.' The humor of this supersensitive conscientiousness about copyright lies in the fact that 'H. D.' is also Mrs. Richard Aldington!

Professor Lowes's book, *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*, is praised by all the English critics in the warmest terms. J. C. Squire in the *Observer* calls it 'the best book about poetry which has been written in our generation.'

The *Morning Post* finds that *Convention and Revolt in Poetry* 'holds fast to the central tradition of creative literary criticism,' and asserts that the American critic 'has the philosophic insight of the elder masters of criticism; and he makes it a minor art, as Matthew Arnold, thanks to the gift of a style of power and precision.'

✤

THE CAR-CATCHER

'POLICE CONSTABLE BECK, of the Metropolitan Police Force, has made his last professional appearance in court.'

This announcement in the London *Daily Telegraph* will convey little to the American motorist. He will not cut even the sedatest of capers over it, neither will he throw his cap in the air, nor buy so much as an extra set of tires on the strength of the news. How different in England! There the news is greeted in much the same spirit as that in which Lenin might suddenly receive tidings that Lloyd George was going out of business. For the fame of Police Constable Beck extends far and wide through Surrey, where 'it is estimated that since 1903 he has caused something like 100,000 motorists to be summoned to the Kingston Court' — an average of well over ten a day for twenty years, week in and week out.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Baudouin, Charles. *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion.* Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1920.

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"Tinker is Boswell's Boswell"

Boswell

Young Boswell

By

Chauncey Brewster Tinker

From a Review by A. Edward Newton

(author of A MAGNIFICENT FARCE)

in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

¶ 'Professor Tinker has written not only the best book on Boswell, but the only book which may be called a serious, dignified and at the same time amusing story of the greatest biographer that ever lived. . . . Before Boswell there was a lot of trash written about Johnson; before Tinker there was a lot of trash written about Boswell. Now the true James Boswell appears.

¶ 'Professor Tinker and his readers are fortunate that, by reason of the generosity of his friend R. B. Adam, Esq., of Buffalo, he had access to his famous Johnson and Boswell collection, begun by his father forty years ago, and admittedly the finest collection of its kind in the world. Mr. Adam has thrown open his cabinets to Professor Tinker, and so it comes that he is able to illustrate his volume with a large number of facsimiles of letters and papers never before published, the existence of which even was not known. Mr. Adam, knowing that Professor Tinker was engaged upon a careful and systematic study of Boswell, had his agents in London and elsewhere report to him every Johnson and Boswell item as it arose, and a report was equivalent to a sale.

¶ 'In the hands of a novice, this hitherto unpublished material could not fail to be of interest; under the skilful editing of Professor Tinker, it is presented in a manner to stimulate and delight those who, tired of the perplexities and troubles of the present, wish to lose themselves in the calm of the eighteenth century; that time

> "When men were less inclined to say
> That time is gold and overlay
> With toil their pleasure." '

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